

# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 2, 1976

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Cover photograph by Neil Leifer



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## Next Week

*THE TORCH is extinguished at the Olympics' end, but not until more athletics play for victors in boxing, basketball, track and field, archery and yachting events. The staff wraps up the XXI Summer Games.*

*THE FIVE is being lit, though, in Oklahoma's football squad, and the man who makes Sooners burn with desire is Barry Switzer. Ray Kennedy profiles the coach who worked his way up from a swamp-bottom shack.*

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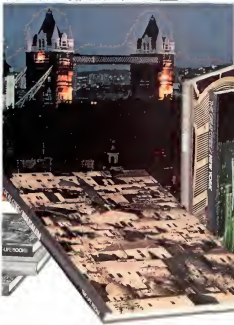
# Great Cities

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London's medieval Tower Bridge was a fort completed in 1894. (London, p. 106)



A Roman marketplace's hand-to-hand sale. See New York (p. 40)



The John F. Kennedy Presidential Library, an iconic building to a former president. (Boston, p. 124)



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# SCORECARD

Edited by DOUGLASS LOONEY

## PERFECTING TIME & LIGHT

For the Olympics, a movement that spends a lot of time thinking about the past and perhaps not enough thinking about the future, there are two remarkably progressive, albeit obscure, innovations in Montreal.

First, you may have noticed that times in the track events are given in hundredths of a second rather than the more traditional tenths. This is the result of widespread acceptance of electronic timing, which is considerably more precise than old-fashioned hand timing.

Comparative studies show that it takes significantly longer to start a stopwatch by hand than by electronic impulse. Hand-held times are thus "faster" than electronic ones. Experts believe that the famous 9.4 world record for the 100-yard dash that Jesse Owens tied in 1935 would have been closer to 9.6 by electronic standards. (The present world record, nine flat, shared by Ivory Crockett and Houston McTear, is hand-held time.) Because of the difference between the two methods, qualifying standards for the U.S. Olympic Trials were double-listed. A 100-meter man, for example, needed an electronic 10.44 to qualify, compared to a hand-held 10.2.

Electronic timing, coupled with photo finishes, is a vast improvement. At the NCAA meet in Philadelphia a couple of months ago, both electronic and hand-held watches were used. They revealed not only the usual differences in time but that the correct order of finish differed from the judges' naked-eye version in about one-third of the sprint races. With electronic photography, there is no doubt about who won.

Second, at the closing ceremony we should see an amazing spectacle of some 85,000 people waving little greenish-yellow light sticks in the name of world friendship. The light stick of itself is a fascinating gismo. It was developed by the American Cynamid Co., which spent \$2 million and nine years trying to transfer the secrets of the firefly to this new prod-

uct. The \$1.50 Cyalume light has no flame, generates no heat and no sparks, needs no oxygen and no batteries and is not affected by wind or rain.

Fans and athletes will break the glass vial which is safely encased in the plastic light stick. This will allow two chemicals to mix and, presto, instant light. It shines brightly for three hours, the glow lasts up to 12. May the friendships glow as well—and last much longer.

## IMPROVING THE GLOW

But if we are going to spruce up the idealistic Olympic spirit, nations will have to find some way to score political points. Perhaps the solution is a contest by mail or telephone—like chess. It could be a kind of super board game, global Monopoly if you will, with each country drawing instruction cards that say things like, "You are politically impure. Go back where you came from." Or, "You have interfered with my trade relations. Change your flag, your anthem and the name of your country."

Each nation could apply all its political skills, deploy its entire foreign service and intelligence community, spend money, make deals, threaten, subvert, extort and/or quit. Call it the Polympic Games.

Then, with all this out of the world's system, the Olympics could involve only athletes flaunting their skills. We trust the idea isn't too revolutionary.

## GAME SHRINKS

It's hard to explain what common sense is but you know it when you see it. Take last weekend's College All-Star football game in Chicago. It was, as usual, an uninspired contest with the pros (in this case, Pittsburgh) thoroughly mopping up the collegians.

Late in the third quarter with the Steelers ahead 24-0, the collegians going nowhere and the rain blinding, the game was called. For a sport that has built a macho reputation for playing no matter what, it seemed strangely refreshing that

those in charge demonstrated what mothers everywhere try to instill in youngsters: enough sense to come in out of the rain. Among other things, the decision likely avoided needless injuries to players and high-spirited fans.

Las Vegas also demonstrated common sense by announcing that all bets were off because it was no game. Which was true in every dimension.

## SITTING TALL

Jockey Bill Shoemaker recently has grumped, "Some people think riders aren't athletes because the horse does all the running." Now comes the National Athletic Health Institute giving such say-sayers a horse laugh after testing 500 athletes from all sports.

Jockeys, says Medical Director Dr. Robert Kerlan, have the best overall conditioning of all athletes. Their cardiovascular endurance exceeds that of most pro football players; their strength relative to body size (not much over 100 pounds) is quite remarkable.

Shoemaker, 44, chortles, "When they told me I was better off than most 20-year-olds, wow." Having slacked off to four or five rides a day before the test, in a bit of a bow to his age, the re-emerged and again frisky Shoe has gone back up to six or seven rides. And he's grinning a lot.

## PENCILING

All manner of strange human endeavors are explained away by saying, "Oh, well, different strokes for different folks." Most ordinary golfers, for example, fret over sliced drives, two-foot putts and whether they will break 90. But Paul Rawden, 56, of New Haven, Conn. is worked up not over the quality of his strokes but over the appearance of the pencils with which he records his strokes.

Sadly, he finds evidence that pencil quality is falling off. Manufacturers, he explains, are starting to make the stubby and traditionally wooden pencils—with no erasers since why would any golfer ever need to erase anything?—out of, ugh, plastic. Says a downcast Rawden, "They look awful."

Rawden knows. Since 1971 he has collected nearly 10,000 pencils, which seems a bit unfair to those of us who are always slapping piles of papers on our desks and looking under our chairs for just one. Anyway, he has packaged the foreign and domestic pencils, 750 to a case, and

continued

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loaned about half of them to the World Golf Hall of Fame in Pinehurst, N.C., where they rank as a favorite exhibit with visitors anxious to see if their course's pencil is represented.

But why do this, Paul? "It's fun and it's cheap. Besides, what's wrong with it?" A six-handicap golfer, he figures he has traveled more than 100,000 miles in search of pens and pencils since he started picking them up for no particular reason while vacationing in Vermont. Most have the club name stamped on them, although plain pencils, which Rawden understandably hates, are popular too. He writes requesting some pencils; others are mailed to him unsolicited. A favorite is bullet-shaped; another is a pencil once used by Lee Trevino.

There are other problems besides plastic. Rawden has had to do a lot of explaining when he is discovered crawling around trash cans at golf clubs trying to

find a stub; one club tried to charge him \$1 for a pencil worth 2¢ to 5¢; he once damaged the side of his car at a course while maneuvering to pick up a pencil.

His goal is to get samples from all 13,000 golf clubs in this country. But isn't Rawden afraid somebody might steal his pencil collection? Says he, "Who would want it?"

#### STAR-CROSSED

If it is true, as many believe, that the future of each of us can be foretold by studying the positions of the sun, moon and planets, then shouldn't it follow that a horse's future can be forecast?

Certainly, concluded astrologist Suzanne Schwartz, the resident star gazer at the Concord Hotel, which is not far

from the site of last Sunday's richest harness race in the world, the \$262,500 Monticello-New York City OTB Classic for 3-year-old pacers.

Supplied only with the colts' foaling dates and burdened with none of the traditional form charts, tout sheets and other silly superstitions, Suzanne picked Speedy Romeo, the bettors' second choice at 7 to 2, to win. Said she, "This is a Pisces horse, a gentle horse. It will win because Pluto is in the eighth house of legacies and Neptune is in the tenth house." But just to make sure Mrs. Schwartz knew what she was talking about, they held the race anyway.

And the winner was Oil Burner, whom the astrologist had predicted would finish eighth in the 10-horse field because of the glum news that "Saturn was in his second house." Second was Atashy, Suzanne's pick to finish seventh. Speedy Romeo? A not so heavenly fifth.

#### FIRE THE WINNERS

In sports the idea is to win, right? Well, the idea may be victory, but victory itself assures no longevity when it comes to American League baseball.

Here's the roll call of championship years gone sour. In 1964 Yogi Berra led the Yankees to the pennant and was promptly fired; in 1965 Sam Mele directed the Twins to the league title and was out in 1967; in 1966 Hank Bauer led Baltimore not only to a pennant but to a four-game World Series championship and he was gone in 1968; Dick Williams was boss of Boston's 1967 miracle and he was gone in 1969; and in 1968 Mayo Smith directed Detroit to the title and was bounced in 1970.

The only exceptions to this win-and-get-fired game are Baltimore's Earl Weaver (three league crowns, one World Series triumph) and, surprisingly, Williams when he signed on with Oakland. He led the A's to two league titles, two World Series championships, then quit after being worn out by the antics of Charlie O. (The other day, Williams, who subsequently moved along to California, was fired. But for an honorable reason: the Angels lost a lot.)

In 1974 Alvin Dark managed the A's to the pennant, in 1975 to the division crown and was fired shortly thereafter. Last year Darrell Johnson was hailed for getting Boston to the AL championship and ten days ago he was dismissed.

If you want serenity, try the National

League. Walter Alston, Danny Murtaugh, Red Schoendienst and Sparky Anderson not only have kept their jobs despite losing, they have stayed around even when they won. Clever men.

#### LAST LINE OF DEFENSE

Everybody has to be somewhere, and André Richardson, 26, of Seat Pleasant, Md., insisted that his somewhere was not robbing an apartment of \$5,000 worth of merchandise last Oct. 12. Rather, he said, he was somewhere watching the Washington Redskins on television.

And to support his contention, four of his friends took the witness stand to say, indeed, they all watched the game with André so he could not be guilty of any illegal use of hands.

Ah, said the prosecutor, but isn't it strange that the Skins didn't pick that Sunday but instead were in the Monday night game. That disclosure left Richardson with an awkward gap to fill in explaining his Sunday behavior.

And when André was unable to call an audible when he saw the defense change, the judge ruled that Richardson had jumped offides and clearly hadn't gotten back in time. Thirty days.

#### THE INITIAL THING

If there's a rising tennis player out there with the initials C.C., there is evidence that you should quadruple your practice time because 1977 looks like your year. It does, that is, if you pay attention to things like 1975 when A.A.—Arthur Ashe—was generally acclaimed the best player in the world by winning the WCT and Wimbledon. This year, it looks as if B.B.—Bjorn Borg—will top all others. So you see, C.C., the serve clearly is yours, whoever and wherever you are.

And there's good news, too, in this theory for the former king of tennis, S.S.—Stan Smith—whose game has suffered over the last few years. His time will come in 1993 when he'll be a very canny 46-year-old.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Bum Phillips, Houston Oilers head coach, on why he dislikes intrasquad scrimmages: "Why should we pound our own guys into the ground? The Oilers are not on the Oilers' schedule."

• Kate Schmidt, U.S. javelin thrower, when asked if, despite strict Olympic Village rules, there has been any hanky-panky: "I certainly hope so." **END**

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

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**Sports Illustrated**  
AUGUST 2, 1976

# HIGH HANDSOME

**A**t an outdoor cabaret in the Olympic Village one night last week, folk singer Gordon Lightfoot was entertaining the athletes. After a few songs, he noticed a commotion to the side of the stage. Spotlights were flashed on and the former junior senator from California, the rotund Pierre Salinger, materialized in his grapefruit-yellow ABC blazer. ABC has "experts" for just about every competition, and Salinger intrudes on the Games. Winter and Summer, as the resident expert on matters international. He samples foreign foods and local color and whatnot. "I think we're on TV," Lightfoot said.

The athletes, feeling their oats as well as exploited, immediately attacked, pelting Salinger with candies, fruits and hors d'oeuvres. Despite this bombardment of edibles, Salinger, ever game, did his stint. Then the lights went down and, to loud huzzahs, Lightfoot went on with the show.

It was a symbolic victory for the athletes, because only a few days later, after several more African nations pulled out in the continuing protest over New Zealand's sporting liaison with South Africa, the single most significant record of the 21st Olympiad went into the books: the number of athletes competing in the Games of 1976 had been exceeded by the number of journalists covering them. The score:



# WIDE AND

*Olympians were performing marvelously in Montreal, but on screens at home the prime-time concern was prettiness*

by Frank Deford

10,863 for the press corps, 8,408 for the competitors.

The Montreal Olympics has had the predictable quota of kissy-face, hands-across-the-sea, true romance stories emanating from the Village, where the athletes all seem programmed to prattle on about how if only the whole world could just be like this, there would never be any wars (although much tedium, to be sure). Olympic Villages are always portrayed as humanoid versions of *It's a Small World* at Disneyland, with the many-colored athletes holding hands and singing in falsetto. But gee, Moms and Dads, you should see some of the graffiti the children are leaving behind. Alas: "Very shy English boy seeks girls to talk to him. Please contact Room 202, D Block."

And always, much unnecessary ado is made about the host city. This crush of heavy analytical background—inscrutable Tokyo, emotional Mexico City, bustling Munich, divided Montreal—regularly comes midway in the Olympics when those 10,863 (in or out of grapefruit-colored blazers) can no longer stand having to watching one more American boy or East German girl win one more 100-meter butterfly medley. In fact, what is worth knowing about Montreal vis-à-vis the Olympics can be transmitted in a postcard. "Dear Pen Pal: This Olympics is spread out more

*(continued)*



than others? There are still some hotel rooms left? Canada is second only to Italy in going out on strike, and the liquor stores, nurses, and electric-company workers have all been out? Luckily, the liquor stores are open again? The taxi drivers are mad, but they aren't going to strike? They are going to tie up traffic instead? The Italians and streetwalkers are doing a real good business? The new McDonald's, across from the Forum, serves 6,000 hamburgers a day? When the police beat people up they explain they have to because of "security"? The weather is lovely?"

Montreal is reed off because it has the shorts and has lost a certain amount of revenue—wildly estimated in the millions of dollars—because the protesting nations pulled out. Since the Canadians were getting paid for room and board at the Village, they were in no hurry to evict teams that declared themselves out, nor were the hosts very good about making partial refunds on some programs, such as the boxing, that were watered down by African forfeits. (The most intriguing forfeit came in basketball, when Egypt pulled out just before it was to play Italy. To win by the requisite 2-0 score, the Italians had to line up, tip-off and score an unopposed basket. Luckily, Renzo Barivieri made it; if he hadn't, can you imagine the Italian-joke fans working that one over?)

Actually, once the Games began and Nadia Comaneci became the world's sweetheart, the boycott was no longer front-page. All told, 684 athletes departed. James Gilkes, a Guyanese sprinter who attends Southern Cal, petitioned the International Olympic Committee to let him run unattached, as a citizen of the world, so to speak, but the request was turned down. "You lose enough contenders and the Olympics becomes just another San Diego Invitational," said one jaundiced runner—but it was hardly a subject anybody dwelt on.

For the Olympians who stayed, there were the usual controversies. One involved Boris Onischenko, the silver medalist in the modern pentathlon in 1972 and the favorite this time. It wasn't enough: Boris wanted a lock on the gold, so he touched up his épée to make it record hits even when he missed. He was caught, expelled from the Olympics and sent home—or somewhere—in disgrace.

On the other hand, the Russian water polo team was obviously playing it straight, because the gold medalists from '72 tied and lost their first two games. Then they tried to withdraw, claiming mass illness, and forfeited to Cuba. (For forfeit freaks, a water polo forfeit is 5-0.)

There were the usual complaints from Westerners that the Russian judges were cheating, which made it all the more amusing that Peter Kormann, a student at Southern Connecticut State College, won a bronze in floor exercises, the first American male to win an individual gymnastics medal since 1932.

The Canadians kicked one of their top sprinters, Bob Martin, off the team for sneaking a pal into the Village, and the IOC—no more Mr. Nice Guy—showed its muscle by catching a 66-year-old trapshooter from Monaco popping amphetamines. They threw the old guy right out on his pill bottle.

The U.S. managed to get through the first week of the Games without any such incidents, and stirred in a few surprises along the way. The men dominated the swimming to a greater degree than expected, and by Sunday the U.S. had picked up two gold, two silver and three bronze medals in track and field. The basketball team pushed through the early rounds undefeated, substituting speed and depth for height. As the boxing eliminations advanced, U.S. fighters in the lighter weight divisions were making like a bunch of miniature Ales.

Out in the Montreal suburbs, 23-year-old Joan Lind of Long Beach, Calif., rowed to a silver medal in the single sculls, finishing just half a length behind two-time world champ Christine Schieblich of East Germany. Another silver, in the men's coxless pairs, was won by Mike Staines and Calvin Coffey of Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club. Don Haldeman of Souderton, Pa., blasted his way to a gold medal in trapshooting. Lee James of Manchester, Pa., won the silver medal in middle heavyweight weight lifting. Perhaps the biggest surprise came from the equestrians: Tad Coffin of Stratford, Vt., was the top individual in the three-day event (the first American ever to win that gold), while Mike Plumb of Chesapeake City, Md., won the silver. They joined Mary Anne Tauskey, New Vernon, N.J., and Bruce Davidson, Unionville, Pa., in winning the team event for the first time in 28 years.

But in many respects, the most fas-

cinating aspect of the Olympics for Americans is that the Games have evolved into a summer television series. The real saga is not in Montreal but on Sixth Avenue in New York. This process seems to have begun in Mexico City, specifically when ABC Sports President Roone Arledge concentrated on the two-day decathlon drama won by Bill Toomey. It bloomed in Munich with the coronation of Olga Korbut and it has only been refined and augmented in Montreal.

The nightly network spectacle has brought Olympic sports a huge new audience, much of it learning about the Games and its principals solely through the ABC lens. Because virtually every shot that goes on the air is selected by Arledge, he is now, in many respects, the head of the Olympics in the U.S. Arledge acknowledges that he carries "an incredible responsibility," and indeed, there is nothing like it in all of sports. At other events—everything from football games to bowling—the action pretty much dictates the coverage. In the Olympics, with so many different and often unfamiliar competitions, Arledge must decide what gets exposure and who gets advance buildup. "We try to personalize





it all as much as possible," he says.

So in the U.S. the Olympics are now the Arledge Follies. Some time ago, Frank Shorter was asked if he were upset that track stars didn't get the money and celebrity other athletes did. "No," he said, "I came into it knowing the situation. And besides, I got much more fame than I ever imagined possible in my life just because Roone Arledge decided to push the Marathon in '72."

The power of TV already has affected several Olympic events. The sprints, for example, used to be high glamour—everybody waited breathlessly to see who would be the next World's Fastest Human. But the sprints rush by too quickly to interest a general audience. At least that is TV's decision. Longer races (where the experts can discourse on strategy) provide better drama; better still are events that build. The decathlon and gymnastics are ideal starring vehicles. In TV parlance, Nadia Comaneci was nothing more than a spin-off from the Olga Korbut Show.

"We figured Comaneci would be big for us," Arledge says. "People may be discovering her for the first time, but we've been working her into *Wide World* for a

year or more now. And in the second week, Shorter is attractive enough to be big again. We'll go with that. And Bruce Jenner, of course. He could really come out of this hot. He's charismatic. I think he could be another Dorothy Hamill."

Jenner is clearly positioned as the second-week Comaneci for another reason: he is photogenic. The Olympics, unlike other U.S. sports spectacles, draws a solid female audience—sometimes they are in the majority. "When you're in prime time," Arledge says, "the women control the sets. The men may get Sunday afternoons, but women rule the sets at night." Thus, in America the modern Olympic stars tend to be white, appealing young girls or handsome men. Howard Cosell has been getting nowhere trying to promote a teen-age black boxer, Sugar Ray Leonard: the Olympics are playing living rooms, not barrooms.

Skinny little Comaneci was the female star, not Kornelia Ender, the East German swimmer, who is every bit as outstanding in her specialty but a strapping *fräulein*, a little too strapping for women viewers to identify with. This is the same audience, remember, that made Dorothy Hamill's hard-core national rage.

Those are not Fabulous Moolah's fans staying up late to watch Princess Anne in dressage.

These facts are not lost on the other networks, either. No event, in or out of sports, provides a network such artistic leeway, such a chance to distinguish itself. The national audience share for the Munich Games was 45% (or "a four-five" as TV people say), surprising at the time. But the first four nights of Montreal came in at a four-seven, and with many finals and glamour events to come, ABC might even pull a five-oh.

In light of the fact that the cagey Arledge has already locked up the 1980 Winter Games, the bidding for TV rights should run into a lot of rubies for Moscow. Montreal went for \$25 million, and there is speculation within the industry that Moscow might double that—\$50 million. "The Russians are watching everything we do here," Arledge says apprehensively. Because the ABC coverage is superior, because Arledge, as a benevolent despot, orders up our Olympics with fine taste and judgment, ABC should have the inside track. But, of course, CBS always has the long green, if the Russians just want top dollar.

It is ironic that during a week when the Olympics have never seemed more popular despite a beginning even more shaky than usual, the cry from many precincts has been for their abolition or drastic overhaul. One hysterical British editorial screeched that the Games have grown "from a beautiful baby into a depraved and twisted monster." Another popular theme among those insistent on "saving" the Olympics called for reducing their size and proposed the elimination of all team sports and inviting all qualified athletes to attend—amateur and professional—regardless of national origin. It was not explained why team competitions, which stress the universal ideal of cooperative effort, should be a candidate for elimination, nor how inviting more athletes would reduce the size of the Games.

But such controversy was not out where people could see it—in front of the tube. Taiwan? Africa and New Zealand? If you liked Dorothy Hamill's hair, ladies, you have only to wait for this week when Arledge's Follies will bring you Bruce Jenner's bangs for the first time in prime time. Also, for your added viewing pleasure, he is going to run, jump and throw.

CONTINUED

For a press corps that outnumbered the athletes, covering the Games included taking cues from TV





## THEIRS WAS A MIDAS STROKE

*Almost every time the U.S. men or East German women touched the water it turned to gold*

by Jerry Kirshenbaum



*Bringing new glory to Old Glory (left to right) Naber, Henken, Vogel, Montgomery*

Having made the U.S. Olympic team as no more than an alternate on the 800-meter freestyle relay, University of Arizona junior Doug Northway arrived in Montreal in a subdued mood. "It means I only get to swim in a preliminary heat," he griped. "Big deal." No sooner did the eight-day Olympic swim program get into full swing, however, than Northway was exulting. "Aren't we doing great?" he exclaimed to anybody who would listen. "It's an honor just to be on this team."

What improved Northway's mood was the same board of gold medals and world records by U.S. men that was uplifting the spirits of the huge contingent of American fans—nearly all of them relatives, it appeared—in the modernistic 9,200-capacity Piscine Olympique. Whenever they dropped in, they could count on seeing one or another jaunty countryman, and often clusters of them, slamming into the last wall ahead of the competition. By the time the last abridged *Star-Spangled Banner* wafted through the arena on Sunday night, the U.S. men had amassed some startling statistics: 12 of 13 golds and, astonishingly, 25 of 33 individual medals. In four events they went one-two-three, in five others they were 1-2.

The spree exceeded the men's ambitious expectations and they rejoiced over

every last triumph. When the University of Tennessee's Matt Vogel climbed out of the pool after leading a U.S. sweep in the 100-meter butterfly, his jubilant teammates showed their appreciation by rubbing his shaved head as though they were polishing an apple. The same thing had happened when Mike Bruner won

the 200 fly. Following the U.S. win in the 400 medley relay, freestyler Jim Montgomery, who swam anchor, was asked to autograph a fan's shirt. Complaining, Montgomery asked with a wry grin, "Do you believe this?" And when Southern Cal's 6'6" John Naber was making one of his many triumphant tours

*Given Goodell made the Aussies pay in the 1,500 and left teammate Shaw with just silver in the 400*





of the pool deck somebody thrust a large American flag into his hands. The irrepressible Naber did a 360-degree turn, holding Old Glory aloft for all to see.

The 20-year-old Naber was a hero in a Games that was heavy in the early going on heroines. A backstroke-freestyler who revels in the nickname the Snake, Naber won four golds and a silver, the latter coming when he was touched out by U.S.—and USC—teammate Bruce Furniss in the 200 freestyle. That was just 55 minutes after Naber won the 100 backstroke, beating, among others, East Germany's 25-year-old Roland Matthes, who had won both backstroke events in the 1968 and 1972 Games. But the Snake was hardly alone in the limelight, with the likes of Montgomery, who collected three golds (one for his stunning 49.99 in the 100 free) and a bronze; Californian Brian Goodell, who won the 400 and 1,500 free; and Rod Strachan, another of the ubiquitous USC men, who won the 400 individual medley in 4:23.68. "This team is a working entity that draws strength from one another," said Naber, who actually talks like that.

It took an all-out team effort for the U.S. men to outdistance the band of muscular yet limber East German women. GDR women had never before won a swimming gold medal but they made amends by taking 11 of 13 events, and

16 of 33 individual medals. When a West German journalist asked why a couple of them had suspiciously deep voices, a GDR coach retorted, "We're here to swim, not to sing." The West German scandalmonger was further squelched by the formidable but unmistakably feminine presence of Matthes' 17-year-old blonde fiancée, Kornelia Ender.

A sprinter with equal ability in butterfly and freestyle, Ender won four gold medals, one more than any previous woman Olympic swimmer, and a silver. Awesome off the blocks, she propelled herself into the water with such authority as to give the impression that she was pulling the pool toward her. She accelerated seemingly at will, winning early or late as the spirit moved her. In just retribution for Naber's domination of boyfriend Matthes, she and the GDR's Petra Thümer whipsawed Shirley Babashoff, who had to settle for four silver medals before anchoring a charged-up 4x100 relay team to a smashing upset victory over Ender and her teammates in the meet's final race.

That lone defeat notwithstanding, Ender's performance had been remarkable, including her attempt at a same-

day double even more difficult than Naber's—and she pulled it off. On Thursday night Ender won two events in the space of 25 minutes, equalling her world record in the 100 butterfly and then besting Babashoff in a world-record 200 freestyle. "After the first race I had time to loosen up a bit and change my suit," Ender said casually.

The U.S. men and GDR women were like barroom showoffs trying to outdo each other, but outsiders now and then managed to horn in. The Russians, determined to become a swim power by the 1980 Olympics in Moscow, won a handful of medals, their biggest breakthrough coming when Marina Kosheva and two other Soviet women shocked the East Germans by sweeping the 200 breaststroke. And Britannia briefly ruled the waves when Scotland's David Wilkie won the 200 breaststroke, dashing hopes of a U.S. sweep of the gold.

With Kosheva and Wilkie joining in the parade, world records were equalled or broken in all but four of the 26 events. It was the greatest record binge ever in a sport that has seen many, and it left old-timers like Don Schollander stunned. Schollander's winning time of 4:12.2

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GDR's Kornelia Ender swam five finals, collecting four firsts and the same number of world records.





the 400 freestyle at the '64 Games in Tokyo would have earned him nothing more than a bronze medal at Montreal—in the women's 400.

The record breaking also seemed to affect the springboard diving events. Alabama Jennifer Chandler and U.S. Air Force Captain Phil Boggs were rewarded with lofty scores while winning off the three-meter board. With Cynthia McIngvale finishing third in springboard, Deborah Wilson third in platform and 16-year-old Greg Louganis hoping to dethrone Italy's two-time champion Klaus Dibiasi in this week's men's platform competition, U.S. divers had strongly improved on their showing in '72 when only Micki King won a gold. Chandler fancies the name Jenni, giving her an affinity not only with Micki but with all the Lauris, Susis and Sandis who also abound in diving. A lissome 17-year-old high school senior who relaxes by chomping on bubble gum that she carefully racks out of sight while diving, Chandler won with a succession of graceful, often elegant dives. Then she rushed off to hug her sister Mindy, who turned seven that day. Mindy is a budding diver who, you may be sure, is destined to one day become Minda.

With the U.S. women swimmers relatively ineffective, Naber and the men

were usually center stage. Naber acknowledged the crowd's applause with deep, swooping bows and was so busy waving and grinning at the fans that one time, while marching into the pool for a heat in the 200 free, he stumbled over the man in front of him, East Germany's Frank Pfütze. "I want to help the crowd enjoy what I'm enjoying," the Snake explained. "At the prices they're paying [up to \$24 face value; \$100 scalper's price] it's the least I can do." For all the grinning and gesticulating, Naber also admitted to feeling considerable tension; he grinds his teeth so badly in his sleep that he has a date with the dentist later this summer to outfit him with a dozen crowns.

Naber nevertheless was better off than his rival Matthes, who had recently suffered an ear infection, a sore shoulder and an appendectomy. But the onetime king of the backstrokers allowed that his romance with Ender had helped renew his flagging interest in swimming.

Even with such inspiration, Matthes proved easy pickings for the Snake, as did Roland's four-year-old world record of 56.3 in the 100 backstroke. Slashing through the water with long, shovel-like strokes, Naber broke that one with an almost effortless 56.19 in a semifinal, then reeled off a brilliant 55.49 to win the final, the silver medal going to University of California's Peter Rocca (56.34) and the



Bebaschhoff and Furniss mirrored American moods

bronze to the struggling Matthes (57.22). Plunging into the 200 free final less than an hour later, Naber led much of the way before being overtaken by Furniss, whose friendly rivalry with his fellow Trojan has earned him the nickname Mongoose, which is a critter that thrives on snakes. "Hey, Mongoose, you got the Snake this time," Naber said after Furniss lowered his world record to 1:50.29. Naber completed his week by swimming on both of the U.S. winning relay teams and dropping his world record in the 200 backstroke to 1:59.19, leading Rocca and North Carolina State's Dan Harrigan to yet another American sweep. Matthes, with little hope even for the bronze, had scratched from that event.

While Naber's victories were more numerous, the most dramatic were those of Brian Goodell, the engaging 17-year-old distance freestyler who, at 5' 8", is a head shorter than the Snake. At the U.S. Trials in June the breezy Goodell broke Australian Steve Holland's world record in the 1,500 and that of longtime U.S. rival Tim Shaw in the 400. He was clearly the man to beat, a fact underscored by a sportswriter's purported interview with Holland, who trained at Goodell's home club in Mission Viejo, Calif. for a while last year. In the article, Holland accused the American of using him as a stalking horse and concluded, "We used to be mates but not anymore." The Aussie denied the statements and Goodell said the two had a "nice friendly talk" in Montreal. But that did not prevent Goodell from posting the clipping on the wall of his room in the Olympic Village. Nor did it prevent Aussies with their sporting instincts from making Holland

Britannia's Willie deprived the U.S. of a gold medal sweep, riding the waves in the 200 breastroke



even money against the entire U.S. field of Goodell, Bobby Hackett and Paul Hartloff. A number of American swimmers found the odds irresistible and the betting was brisker than Baron de Coubertin might have liked.

The way the much-anticipated race shaped up, Hackett would be the rabbit and Goodell would show late speed while Holland would plug away in the middle and, so his backers hoped, overtake the former while holding off the latter. But Hackett, the world-record holder at 800 meters, has apparently learned some wiles in his home pool, a four-lane, 58-year-old relic in the Bronx. He set a slower pace than Holland expected, and when the Aussie finally moved ahead at 950 meters it was too late to get the clear water he needed.

After the 1,300-meter turn Goodell drew even with Holland. Holland tends to rely on his pull and Goodell on his kick—the Australian logs 60 strokes per 50-meter lap to the American's 45—and their furious finish was a study in contrasting styles: as Goodell moved with long, measured strokes, Holland clawed at the water like an infant crawling across a room. Goodell moved steadily ahead to win in 15:02.4, with Hackett coming on to touch out Holland for second. Both finished under Goodell's old world record of 15:06.66, but Hackett's go-slow early pace had prevented the sub-15-minute clocking many expected.

"I'm no sprinter," Holland said when it was all over. "I should have made my move earlier." While Aussies dug deep to pay up, Goodell's parents rewarded him with a plastic banana-shaped harmonica inscribed, "I went bananas in Montreal."

Goodell next disposed of Shaw, who won the Sullivan Award last year but considered himself lucky to make the U.S. team behind Goodell in the 400. Plagued earlier this year by anemia and shoulder ailments, Shaw was swimming against a rival coming into his own on a perfect Olympic timetable. Finishing in 3:51.93, more than a second under his old record, Goodell beat Shaw by three feet. That lone silver was a far cry from the four golds that once seemed within Tim's reach, but the gentlemanly Shaw said simply, "Brian was stronger. He's the champion."

Shaw accepted second place philosophically; the 19-year-old Babushoff was hardly so sanguine. A fierce competitor,



*John Naber was always on parade, basking but never scraping for medals: he took four golds, one silver*

when her 17-year-old brother Bill recently began beating her at workouts, Shurley refused to speak to him on their drives home. She has a second brother, fellow Olympian Jack, 21, who collected a silver medal of his own by finishing behind Montgomery in the 100 free.

Faced with a grueling seven events in Montreal, Shurley expressed confidence that she would do just fine against Ender and the other GDR women. While Ender was considered unbeatable in the 100 free, Babushoff had scored a memorable come-from-behind win over the East German in the 200 free at last year's world championships in Cali, Colombia and had lately beaten everybody at 400 and 800 meters.

In the first confrontation between the two in Montreal, Ender swam the free-style anchor leg on the GDR 400-meter medley relay team that scored a predictably easy victory, with Babushoff and her U.S. teammates coming in second. Ender next won the 100 free, lowering her world record to 55.65 as Babushoff finished a mildly disappointing fifth. But the American was favored to win the 400 free, especially because the world-record holder, Barbara Krause of the GDR, had been left in Berlin with a throat infection. In Krause's absence the top East German threat was 15-year-old Petra Thümer.

At the start Thümer took the lead but Babushoff stayed at her shoulder, prepar-

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Jamie Chandler parked her gym to gather in a gold medal in the three-meter springboard. Air

Force Captain Phil Boggs flew to first place in the men's division with a near-supersonic score.



ing to apply her customary cruncher at 350 meters. "I was where I wanted to be—I thought I'd won it," she said later. But Babushoff made a sloppy turn at 350 and Thümer refused to give way, holding off the American to win by half a body length in 4:09.89, nearly two seconds under Krause's record. Babushoff failed to congratulate Thümer in the water, and she had made the same oversight after the 100. "Shirley's a nice person but her competitiveness can make her mean," said Mark Schubert, her coach at Mission Viejo. The day after the 400, stopping by the motel where her parents were staying, Shirley flung her arms about her mother and cried.

Babushoff's agonies continued in the 200 free when an utterly poised Ender, reversing their customary roles, let her American rival take the lead before overhauling her to win in a world-record 1:59.26. That was the second act of the East German's half-hour gold-mining performance. "I went as hard as I could in the 100 butterfly," Ender said. "In the 200 I imagine I might have gone two-tenths of a second faster if I'd been fresh." A chastened Babushoff scratched from the 400 individual medley to save herself for the 800 free and the 4 x 100 relay. Her plan partly worked. Early in the evening she lost the 800—and her world record—to Thümer. Then came the 400-free relay and a U.S. triumph that was by now wholly unexpected.

Swimming leadoff for the GDR, Ender got her usual shot-from-a-cannon start and outswam American Kim Peyton. Wendy Boghoh, a senior at New Jersey's Monmouth College, made some headway against East German Petra Priemer, and 15-year-old schoolgirl Jill Sterkel reeled off a torrid 55.78 lap to surge ahead of Andrea Pollack, a lead that anchorwoman Babushoff held against Claudia Hempel. The winning time was a world-record 3:44.82 and although deprived of the individual gold she coveted, Babushoff was beaming. "I tried my hardest in every race," she said. "In this one I just had better help."

The GDR tide that otherwise washed over Babushoff and her U.S. teammates has been gaining force since 1973. Since then American women have been harangued with pep talks, enrolled in Dale Carnegie-style positive-thinking courses and exposed to the sort of sentiments re-

flected in a sign in their Olympic Village quarters reading, WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, U.S. GALS ARE THE TOUGHEST. But before finally winning their one gold medal, they suffered the indignity of failing to place a swimmer in three finals. When Boglioli hit the wall behind the GDR's Ender and Pollack in the 100 butterfly, she put on her glasses to look at the scoreboard and then, still uncertain, asked a poolside official, "What'd I get—third?" The man nodded. Bronze medalist Boglioli and University of Virginia-bound Wendy Weinberg, third-place finisher in the 800, were the only U.S. women other than Babashoff to win individual medals.

That the U.S. men fared so much better than the women is no doubt partly a result of the rigors of NCAA competition, in which all but a few of the U.S. Olympians have taken part. It is noteworthy that the man who spoiled U.S. chances for a gold-medal sweep, Wilkie, is also an American college product, having swum the last four years at Miami, during which he traded breaststroke victories with Stanford's John Hencken. In Montreal the bitter rivals went at it for probably the last time. Hencken winning the 100 breast in a world-record 1:03.11 and Wilkie the 200, also in world-record time (2:15.11, more than three seconds under Hencken's old mark).

Records were so routine that even Doug Northway, the lowly relay alternate, got into the act. Northway's only swim in Montreal came leading off an 800-freestyle relay team made up largely of substitutes that in a morning heat set a world record of 7:30.33. The mark held up only until that same evening when the U.S. first-liners—Bruner, Furniss, Naber and Montgomery—further lowered it to 7:23.22. Still, for nearly 10 hours Northway was in a spin. "Just think," he kept saying. "I'm the last man on the team and I've got a world record."

Which was the same sort of elation Shirley Babashoff and company were feeling after so dramatically ending their gold-medal drought. The one who applied the crunch, Sterkel, hails from Hacienda Heights, Calif., where she is a self-confessed tomboy. "I don't want to sound weird," she said, "but in school I've always been a better athlete than most of the boys." For an American woman in Montreal's Olympic pool, keeping up with the boys, for even one race, turned out to be quite an accomplishment.



World record setter Edwin Moses took a shortcut in the 400-meter hurdles by taking fewer steps

## HOLY MOSES, WHAT A DANDY RACE

*In track and field, a hot hurdler and a disappointed discus thrower made up for the shaky U.S. start and a sweet run by an ex-sugar man*

by Pat Putnam

A lanky engineering major from Ohio, who is known to his teammates as the Monster Man, and a 256-pound former history teacher from Oregon finally unstuck a young and inexperienced U.S. track and field team that for two days had been spinning its wheels in Montreal's vast Olympic Stadium. Sunday's gold strike would have been even more spectacular, except that Rick Wohlhuter, much the premeet favorite at 800 meters, failed to win. As he strained through

the stretch, Wohlhuter saw the race, the world record (1:43.50) and the gold medal go to Alberto Juantorena, the tall, burly Cuban who runs the 800 like a 400-meter man, which he was exclusively until he tried his hand at the longer distance for the first time, seriously, in May. Behind Juantorena—and ahead of Wohlhuter—came Belgium's Ivo Van Damme.

The U.S. got a world record of its own when Edwin Moses, who hammers the physics and chemistry books for a 3.57

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average at Atlanta's Morehouse College, showed the world what he has been keeping to himself all along—that he's the finest 400-meter hurdler ever. Running in his tinted prescription glasses, the 20-year-old Moses burned the field in 47.64 seconds, slicing almost two-tenths off the record set by John Akii-Bua four years ago in Munich.

Only a few hours earlier, Mac Wilkins, the former teacher who holds the world record in the discus (232' 6"), fell well short of that mark with a throw of 221' 5". To his disappointment, that was only good enough for the gold medal.

Moses' race was a stunner. He went out with a smooth 13-step gait between hurdles. Into the last turn, as the rest of the field was adjusting its steps to a conservative 15 because of waning strength, Moses, never changing, surged far ahead. He held a huge lead going into the stretch, and only Mike Shane, the long shot from Penn State, stayed close to give the U.S. a one-two sweep.

The record came as no surprise to Moses, although he admitted he knew it

would be harder without the presence of Akii-Bua, the Ugandan who left with his teammates after the Games opened. "I knew I was capable of doing it by myself," Moses said. "I just knew it would be more work without him in the race. Now I guess I'll go get the medal and relax for about a week."

"We figured Akii-Bua was the man to beat, so we decided to imitate his style," said the Rev. Lloyd Jackson, Morehouse's unpaid coach. "That gives us a big edge because Moses is faster for the first 200 than Akii-Bua and he's stronger from the seventh hurdle on."

Early this spring Dr. Leroy Walker, the U.S. men's track and field coach, predicted a gold medal for Moses, who had run only one intermediate hurdle race before this year; in high school he was a high hurdler. "As far back as the Florida Relays anybody who knows hurdles could tell when they first saw him that he was going to be great," said Walker after watching Moses run away from the world Sunday. "Because of his great speed workouts, his fine stride pattern, I see no reason why he can't run a half-second better than he did today."

A prodigious sleeper—he put in nine hours Saturday night and then napped for four hours Sunday before the final—Moses usually gets up only to turn in some amazing workouts and eat. Last week, for instance, he ran 200 meters loosely timed in 20 seconds. The next day he ran three 200s, averaging a little more than 20. He's done 200 meters with hurdles in 20.8.

One thing his coach has had to watch is Moses' tendency to stretch out into 12 strides between hurdles. It is too punishing. Akii-Bua uses the normal 13 steps for five hurdles, changes down to 14 for the next couple and finishes with 15. "When Edwin flirts with 12," says Jackson, "we kind of have to get on him."

The 6' 2", 185-pound Juanitoren, who dedicated Sunday's 800-meter victory to Fidel Castro, is, of all things, an ex-basketball player. "The basketball, well, it wasn't so good for me," he says. "But I was fast, and the trainers decided to make me a 400-meter runner. That is what is so surprising. Until recently I never even thought about running the 800. It wasn't until a few months ago that I was fast enough to win a medal here in the 800. But a world record? That was really surprising. I had hoped to get a world record in the 400."

Less than a week ago, the 24-year-old Juanitoren met an American in the Olympic Village. The first thing he wanted to know was how strong the U.S. 400-meter runners were. Told that Maxie Parks and Fred Newhouse were very strong, the ex-sugarcane cutter shrugged his muscular shoulders, smiled and said, "It doesn't matter. The 800 won't tire me out for the 400. It will just keep me busy until it is time to run my race."

The 800 final started easily enough, with no one forcing an overly fast pace. Then down the first backstretch Juanitoren, with Wohlhuter in close pursuit, picked up the tempo. Speeding along, the pair—the small, slight Wohlhuter and the towering Cuban—offered a startling contrast. On the final backstretch the Cuban poured it on, and Wohlhuter went with him. At that moment it appeared that Juanitoren, the 400-meter runner, was playing into the hands of Wohlhuter, the pure 800 stylist. Surely the Cuban was expending his strength too soon. But as Wohlhuter came on to challenge as they turned into the final stretch, Juanitoren held him off. Still, Wohlhuter came on, and for 50 meters he closed gradually. Then, his muscles tightening, his face contorted, Wohlhuter slowed and Juanitoren won as he pleased in 1:43.50, breaking Marcello Fiasconaro's record by .2 of a second. Coming on the outside, Van Damme passed Wohlhuter, taking away the silver medal.

Wohlhuter, who had almost been disqualified the day before because he had bumped an opponent in his semifinal, said later that he had run as hard as he could, that he had no more to give. He finished in 1:44.12.

A third world record was set Sunday, an 11:01 by Annegret Richter of West Germany in a semifinal heat of the women's 100 meters. Richter came back to win the final in 11:08, followed by defending Olympic champ Renate Siecher (East Germany) and former world-record holder Inge Helten (West Germany).

That a fourth world mark was not set in the discus was a major frustration for Wilkins, whose winning throw was his second of six. His first, which he had hoped would be the big one, went only a skyscraping 202' 8". "I wasn't very happy with that," he said. On his next one he hit the winner. Except for East Germany's Wolfgang Schmidt, there was no one in the field who could touch that.

"I thought my performance was me-

continued

Juanitoren's run pained Van Damme, Wohlhuter







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diocre," Wilkins said. "After my second throw, I kept trying to get the big one. I was at a point of all or nothing, and as it turned out, it was nothing. I should have thrown much farther. I was more prepared today than yesterday."

On Saturday in the preliminaries, Wilkins set an Olympic record of 224'. "I just wanted to give them something to sleep on," he said.

On Schmidt's last throw Sunday almost everything came together for him. The discus soared 217', just nosing out John Powell (215'6") of the U.S. for the silver medal. A moment later Wilkins rushed over and hoisted the happy East German high in the air.

"I was happy for him," Wilkins said. "I grabbed him because he came through with an excellent throw in a very tough situation. If Powell had made the throw, I would have done the same for him."

Nobody seemed to want to do anything for Wilkins when he arrived in Canada. His troubles began after the bearded free spirit and shotputter Al Feuerbach opted for a private training base at Three Rivers, about 80 miles from the Olympic Village. Despite threats both veiled and overt, the pair delayed coming to the athletes' preserve in Montreal until last Wednesday, two days before the track and field events began.

"Al had been in Munich, and he told me about the hassle of an Olympic Village," Wilkins said. "Then there were the stories of 12 guys to a room, 12 guys to one toilet. Who needs that to get ready to compete?"

The two were ordered to Montreal two days before the Opening Ceremonies. Wilkins got a call from Jimmy Carnes, one of Walker's assistants. Carnes told him he had been selected for the doping test (in Wilkins' case they would be looking for steroids) and he had to report in Montreal within 24 hours.

"I played my last card," Wilkins said. "I told him I couldn't pass the test. I didn't want to go, but I didn't have anything else to say."

Walker got on the phone. "You've got to come, but we'll take care of you. You've got to believe in me; you've got to trust me."

Wilkins and Feuerbach were instructed to be in Montreal the next morning, where they would be met by team officials. They arrived at 10:30 and waited.

Finally, Al Duer, a U.S. Olympic Committee vice-president, arrived. "You two stay around," he said.

"We've got to train," Wilkins said.

"This is no request, this is an order," Duer said. "By the way, what event are you in?"

"The equestrian," said the world-record holder in the discus.

"No kidding?" said Duer.

"He's having trouble getting his horses across the border," said Feuerbach.

Duer left. Wilkins and Feuerbach had said they would wait until 2 p.m. At 2:30 they rented a car and drove back to Three Rivers. There they checked into a motel. Their stay cost them \$130.

"The East Germans and the Russians were training in Quebec," said Wilkins. "The Bulgarian weight men were off someplace else in Canada. A lot of them had been selected for the doping test, but they weren't rushing off. The truth was you only had to report within 24 hours after you had checked into the Village."

After they returned to Three Rivers, Wilkins and Feuerbach called the U.S. officials. They were told to stay there, and that a story would be put out stating they were doing special training.

After four days of tranquil workouts, Wilkins and Feuerbach came in on Wednesday. Wilkins took his test on Thursday and passed.

On Friday the U.S. picked up its first track and field medal, a silver to 18-year-old Kathy McMillan, whose leap of 21' 10 1/4" placed her behind East German Angela Voigt (22' 1/4") in the long jump. After that, things inexplicably deteriorated for the U.S.

George Woods, twice an Olympic silver medalist, failed to make the 63' 7" qualifying standard in the shotput. But because only 11 others exceeded the standard and Woods had the longest put among the nonqualifiers, he made the final; according to Olympic track rules 12 men must advance.

"I don't know what's wrong," said Woods. "I was trying my best, but nothing was working. I'll just relax and hope for a better day tomorrow."

For the U.S., Woods' tomorrow turned out to be a disaster for almost everyone. The best shotputters could do was Feuerbach's 67' 5", which left him in fourth place behind the 69' 3/4" throw of East German gold medalist Udo Beyer. The only other time the U.S. was shut out in the shot in the Olympics was 1936.

It is necessary to go back even further to find that the last—and only—time the U.S. had been shut out in the 100-meter dash was in 1928. That is, it was the last time before Saturday, when Harvey Glance ran 10.19 and finished fourth behind brawny Haseley Crawford (10.06) of Trinidad, Jamaica's Don Quarrie and Valery Borzov of the U.S.S.R.

Still, Saturday was not a total disaster. Wracked by stomach cramps, Kate Schmidt, who had won a surprising bronze medal in Munich, came up with a courageous 209' 10" throw on her last attempt to take another bronze in the women's javelin.

Schmidt was hospitalized with bleeding ulcers for nine days in 1974. Since then she has been taking Proanthine pills before every meal. For fear of not passing the doping test, she stopped taking the Proanthine before the Games.

"And all week all I was worried about was the sex test they give the women," Schmidt said. "I was trying to figure out what I'd do if I failed. Finally, I decided I'd just call home and say, 'Hi, Mom, hi, Dad, this is your son, Kate.'"

The test that Schmidt found was no joking matter was her confrontation with Ruth Fuchs, who successfully defended the gold medal she won in Munich. The East German threw 216' 4", an Olympic record. "I had the worst cramps in my stomach," Schmidt said. "I felt like I was about to throw up."

She fouled on her first two throws, which put her in danger of being eliminated. Somehow she managed 195' 10" on her third throw, and that was good enough to move her into the final round of three throws. The first of these was poor; the second was a foul.

With her last throw coming up, she stayed on her feet and did a few calisthenics. Twice she flung her javelin hard into the ground. Then she wound up and fired it far enough to win her medal.

As dusk fell Sunday on the imposing yet graceful stadium that someday will be the home of the Montreal Expos, workmen came out and began putting up nets and corner flags for the night's soccer game between Poland and North Korea. Except for music from the public-address system, it was quiet. Moses, the Monster Man, and Wilkins, the monster, had taken their gold medals and departed. The track crowd had gone; the soccer fans had yet to arrive. Tomorrow there would be new heroes.

CONTINUED



# NADIA AWED YA

*Everybody flipped over the 14-year-old Comaneci, as she made gymnastics look like child's play and scored seven 10s*

*by Frank Deford*

There are so many athletes at the Olympics, and so many winners, but in the first week there was only one star, a child named Nadia Comaneci. She has a lean boy's body that responds to all her demands and a Valentine face with straight, dark eyebrows that pierce it like Cupid's arrow. Her lips are faint and thin, lost beneath dusky, soulful eyes that caused many of those who studied her to imagine that she must be some brooding, mysterious Carpathian princess.

But those eyes: they could only express the wonder of a child examining grownups acting like children. And mystery? Intrigue? Never did any performer offer less, because all that this innocent little chimney sweep *is*—every bit of her—was poured out every night over the vault, atop the beam, on the bars and upon the orange mat of the Forum. There could be nothing left for her to conceal. She is, after all, 14, a mechanic's daughter from Onesti, a factory town in the mountains of Romania, who sleeps with a favorite doll, tussles with her younger brother Adrian, and has a life experience beyond her sport no larger than herself.



*The queen of the beam, Nadia displays her superb form and control in this most difficult event*

She weighs 86 pounds and stands less than five feet.

But at every chance grown men and women crowded upon her, paying court. It recalled old prints from a children's Bible, showing the youthful Jesus talking to the elders in the temple. The grownups pressed for a glimpse of a smile. Look, there is a mole on her cheek. Which? The left. Thank you. The left. Interpreters, her coaches, microphones, police surrounded her. Sit down. Be quiet over there. No wonder the United Nations rarely works. What is your favorite subject, Nadia? Do you like chocolate? Tell us about your doll collection, please. Nadia, who is your favorite movie star? Oooh, Alain Delon, ahhh. Thank you, Nadia. Miss Comaneci, please, BBC here—can you say something in English for the British audience? Over here, Nadia, over here. Do you have any boy-friends? Nadia, Nadia, please you must say something in French for CBC. Oh thank you, Nadia, merci, merci. One

more, one more. Nadia, Nadia, do you miss your childhood?

"No, I don't feel like that. I do it with much pleasure."

Her precision and daring in gymnastics have never been seen before in an Olympics. And few heroines in any sport ever so captivated the Games. She was superbly cast for the moment, bursting upon the world with the first perfect Olympic gymnastic score, a 10.0, on the first day of competition, thereby dramatically riding Montreal of much of the rancor and turmoil of international politics. Nadia Comaneci (Nad-ya Koh-ma-netch) was brilliant and beguiling, and because of her youth a great sense of hope and history was instantly attached to her. There was at once the chance to see greatness. For the rare privilege of witnessing the birth of a legend, people splurged \$100 on a \$16 seat.

Aside from the actual gymnastics, what took place at the Forum—the scene, the reality—was altogether different

from what was conveyed to the millions of Americans who watched on television. The competition was infinitely fuller. To personalize the drama, Comaneci was largely isolated by ABC. The other competitor receiving elaborate attention was Olga Korbut, who had been created by television in the 1972 Olympics. TV had an investment in Olga, and TV was determined to have her pay it back, and so the effort was made to turn the meet into some kind of heavyweight championship of women's gymnastics. In fact, Olga Korbut was not the champion in Munich, except in terms of publicity, and in Montreal she barely ranked third on her own team.

Instead, she and Comaneci were just part of the glorious cast and setting. First, there were the other Russians: Ludmila Turishcheva, the true champion of Munich, always overshadowed and underappreciated, ever gracious, only 5' 2½" but seeming almost stately in such tiny company—majestic, a lady. Nelli Kim, who won the two individual golds (floor and vault) that Comaneci didn't. She was hauntingly beautiful, and just as dramatic, scoring two 10s herself when nothing but perfection could clinch her medals. She fell off the uneven bars but afterward blithely provided an explanation that somehow managed to fuse the lyric with the pragmatic: "I was doing it to satisfy my soul, and you should never try to do better than you really can."

And Maria Filatova, a 4' 3¾", 66-pound peanut, just turned 15 but still completely a child in physique and temperament. Once she sat on Ludmila's lap and sipped an orange soda. "I read books, I go to the movies, I play with my dolls," she squealed.

Then there was Nadia's teammate and closest friend, Teodora Ungureanu: pixieish, exuberant, the Hollywood sidekick. She and Nadia would always lovingly clean the bars for each other. There was also Carola Dombeck of East Germany, the wide-eyed strawberry blonde ingenue, soaring off the vault, and the elegant Marta Egervari of Hungary.

All had to reckon with Comaneci. She was in every final. She won the gold for all-around, the gold for beam, the gold for bars and led Romania to a silver in the team competition behind the Russian juggernaut. She also took a bronze for floor exercises, and just missed another with a fourth in the vault. Eyes never strayed from her.

That last observation is not inaccurate, despite the sweep of the competition. A gymnastic meet normally is a panoramic distraction, all four rings going at once. The beam and the bars rise up at either end. In between, side by side, are the vault—which offers mad, headlong Evel Knievel exhibitions—and the floor exercise area, where graceful athletic ballets go on to bizarre piano accompaniment: *Alley Cat* for a Japanese, the *Charleston* for a Russian, *Deep in the Heart of Texas* for an East German, *Yes Sir, That's My Baby* for Comaneci.

Because of a spiteful female chauvinist rule, male coaches are not allowed on the floor, and so it is like a science-fiction movie of a time when women have taken over. The judges are all women, as are the assistants, the messengers. The only men on the premises are the

piano players—men being built for that sort of quiet work—who huddle together on a bench by the baby grand. They shake each other's hands after a piece, just as their girls come off into their coaches' embrace. When the competitors rise to rotate to their next station, a recorded march is played, and off the girls go, in single file, a parade of little sugarplums.

In such a venue, what was done to Olga was sad. It was not enough for television—and much of the press—that Nadia was supreme. Each time she performed, the camera inspected Korbut's reaction. Olga was set up as a "rival," cast as an aging, disappointed woman yielding reluctantly to the flower of youth. The press leered at her tears and decided that her face was hard, her hair "fatty." She was paid off for having the

continued

*Shunned from the limelight, Olga Korbut was exultant at the cheers she got for her one silver medal.*





*A pensive Ludmila Turishcheva, the winner in Maribor, had a lot to think about in Montreal.*

*The essence of grace, Nelli Kim scored two 10s and won hearts as well as two gold medals.*



nerve to grow to age 21 and wear platform shoes.

It was the fans in the Forum who finally sensed the injustice being done her, and on the last night of competition, when Korbut followed a disastrous performance on the bars with a beautiful 9.9 on the beam that won her a silver behind Comaneci, the longest and loudest cheers were for Olga. It was the most touching moment of the competition, and summoned up the recollection that her floor program had featured the torch song. Milord Olga left us, proudly, as a Piaf.

Gymnastic participation in the U.S. is up fivefold or more in the last few years—most of it female, and largely because of Korbut. By contrast, Nadia Comaneci is not an expressive child. She is known for having few friends—but binding those close to her with hoops of steel. She smiles and waves in a stylized fashion, and only because she was told to by her off-stage coach, Bela Karolyi.

He found her in kindergarten. He scouts kindergartens for gymnasts. She and a friend were playing at gymnastics at recess. He recognized her skill, but the bell rang—here Karolyi grows melodramatic—and he lost sight of the child in the rush. He hurried from room to room. Where was she? He kept looking. By now, in his telling, one sees him carrying a glass slipper. At last, the third tour of the classrooms. "Who loves gymnastics here?" he cried. "We, we!" shouted Nadia and her friend. He had found her! "It was an important moment in my life," Karolyi intones. Within a year, at age 7, Nadia placed 13th in her first meet.

At Montreal she received four of her seven 10s on the uneven bars. The apparatus demands such a spectacular burst of energy in such a short time—only 23 seconds—that it attracts the most fanfare. But it is on the beam that her work seems more representative of her unbelievable skill. She scored three of her seven 10s on the beam. Her hands speak there as much as her body. Her pace magnifies her balance. Her command and distance hush the crowd. "And everyone is scared on the beam," says Boris Bajin, the Canadian coach. "It is the most difficult. No matter how good they are, they are all shaking inside."

The beam is four inches wide. In the allotted 90 seconds this is what Coma-

necci does on the beam to perfection: a jump to straddle, one leg up in an L; presses to a handstand, then a one-fourth pirouette and step-down; skips and steps, kicks again to a back flip-flop step-out; more steps and full turn backward; a body wave, dance steps, pose and aerial forward; side aerial to flip-flop step-out; leap; lies down on beam, does a Valdez through a back walkover to a knee perch, cartwheels to a stand; a back walkover to a handstand in the split position; two flip-flops, split leap, body waves; a round-off, double-twisting somersault dismount.

After Comaneci's first 10, in the bars, there was a flurry of protest from the Russian camp, but that talk faded as soon as Nelli Kim got her first 10 in the vault. Nadia was nonplussed by the controversy. When informed of the Russian objection, she replied: "I knew it was flawless. I have done it 15 times before."

The principle of perfect scores disturbs some in gymnastics. One evening a coterie of fans chanted, "No more 10s! No more 10s!" However, unless the scoring system is revamped and the Eastern European judges stop shamelessly awarding high marks to each other's everyday performers, there is nothing left to give the elite but 9.8s and above. Besides, all of a sudden it is quite obvious that perfect scores are a great hype. Comaneci could have won 9.95s across the board, earned just as many gold medals, been every bit as good, and attracted about one-half the publicity for herself and for women's gymnastics.

If you don't believe that, tell us a few things you've heard about Nikolai Andrianov. This Russian gymnast is Comaneci's alter ego. He won seven medals—four golds, two silvers, a bronze—but scored no 10s (men's and women's scores are not comparable; in men's competition a premium is put on risk and originality). Andrianov is about as little known as Peter Kormann, a junior at Southern Connecticut State, who took a bronze in floor exercises, the first U.S. men's gymnastics medal since 1932, or Shun Fujimoto, who led the Japanese men's team to victory in the team competition by making the best personal score of his life on the rings. Fujimoto dismounted with a triple somersault and a twist, held his landing for the required instant, and then, gasping in agony, stumbled off. Earlier, during floor exercises, he had broken his kneecap and torn ligaments in his right

leg. Said the doctor who examined him, "How he managed to do somersaults and twists and land without collapsing in screams is beyond my comprehension." They gave Fujimoto a 9.75 and no more was heard about it.

Obviously, it is much more than just the scores that attracts such interest in women's gymnastics. Perhaps, in the U.S. anyway, we are not yet prepared to celebrate the necessary combination of grace and athleticism in men. But these tiny girls of summer appear as bouncy dolls, packaged just right for the screen; they don't seem to be real people. Turishecheva was not accepted as champion four years ago because she was a cool,

grown woman; she only drew kind attention to herself in Montreal when she cried—finally—as she bowed her head to receive the last of her two silver medals. Korbust was celebrated for cuteness, and then was disparaged for outgrowing that.

So possibly Nadia has much more to offer her sport. She and her coach, Karolyi, figure that she is still five years from her peak—five years as a teen-ager seeking to improve on perfection. "She has three qualities," Karolyi said. "The physical qualities—strength, speed, agility. The intellectual qualities—intelligence and the power to concentrate. And"—he paused—"Nadia has courage."

## ENOUGH TO TAKE HIS BREATH AWAY

*Lanny Bassham thought he had been beaten in the small-bore competition and that the Games' big shot surely was teammate Margaret Murdock* **by Kenny Moore**

Captain Lanny Bassham, U.S. Army, sat in the breezy cafeteria tent beside the Olympic shooting range and watched his wife Helen draw from her purse his gold medal for the small-bore three-position rifle competition. The gleaming satin finish of the medal caused a friend to reach out and turn it, discovering a space on the back for an inscription.

"I think I'll have it engraved THE PROGRAM WORKED," said Bassham, speaking of a self-developed regimen of mental training that he believes lifted him to gold from the silver he took in Munich. "Technically I'm no better than I was in 1972," he continued. "But mentally—now I'm standing on concrete; then I stood on sand."

Talk of stable footing is common in shooting, with its unique moments of stasis. "Our sport is controlled nonmovement," said Bassham. "We are shooting from 50 meters—over half a football field—at a bull's-eye three-quarters the size of a dime. If the angle of error at the point of the barrel is more than .005 of a millimeter [that is five one-thousandths], you drop into the next circle and lose a point. So we have to learn

how to make everything stop. I stop my breathing. I stop my digestion by not eating for 12 hours before the competition. I train by running to keep my pulse around 60, so I have a full second between beats—I have gotten it lower, but found that the stroke-volume increased so much that each beat really jolted me. You do all of this and you have the technical control. But you have to have some years of experience in reading conditions: the wind, the mirage. Then you have the other 80% of the problem—the mind." Seldom has the 29-year-old Bassham had more on his mind than in last week's Olympic shoot.

The small-bore three-position calls for 40 shots each while prone, standing and kneeling. Each set of 40 is divided into four 10-shot series. The event began at 9:30 Wednesday morning at the L'Acadie range, across the St. Lawrence from Montreal, some 20 miles into the birch woods and Queen Anne's lace of the Quebec countryside. A long wooden roof shaded the shooters, its yellow and white striped canvas awning vibrating in the breeze. The only sound along the firing line besides the sporadic snapping of 22s was the soft crunching of gravel as spec-

*continued*



*Murdock was the first woman on the Kansas State rifle team and also the first Olympic medal winner.*

tators strolled from point to point, inspecting the unofficial results displayed over the shooters' heads in the manner of bowling scores. Occasionally, an onlooker's whisper rose to an indecorous level, and a policeman would raise his hand to get the offender's attention, then press a finger to his lips. Bassham quickly shot a 397 out of 400 points for prone, and walked down the line to watch his teammate, Margaret Murdock, 33, of Topeka, Kans., the first woman to represent the U.S. in Olympic shooting competition. A slower, more deliberate shooter, Murdock recorded 398 to tie for the early lead. Bassham went back to his position.

"You try not to get behind in the prone," said U.S. Team Manager Joe Berry. "You win with your standing and kneeling."

During the break between rounds, Murdock busied herself cleaning her first rifle (she would use a second for the rest of the match). A shuffling figure in a faded orange sweat shirt and baggy jeans, with short graying hair curling around orange ear protectors and silver-rimmed glasses, she showed the beginnings of a double chin.

"She has never been one to do any physical training, and she's put on weight in the last couple of years," said her sis-

ter, Marie Alkire. "But Margaret has good control of the hold. She hasn't had a great deal of concentrated practice this year and we're concerned how she'll perform near the end."

She went on to describe how Murdock developed as a shooter. It began with her father, a Kansas state champion. "She had good fundamentals, as much as was known at the time," Alkire said. At Kansas State in the early '60s, Murdock was an All-America while competing on the men's team and was awarded her varsity letter, then asked not to embarrass the lettermen by actually wearing it. After receiving her degree in chemistry, she joined the WACs and was assigned to the marksmanship unit at Fort Benning, Ga., where she was coached by Colonel Bill Pullon, often called the world's finest rifle coach. "If she had gone anywhere else," said Alkire, "she'd have been discriminated against."

Now a nursing student at Washburn University in Topeka, Murdock plans to become an anesthetist, an appropriate calling for one dedicated to warding off trauma. "My emotional control is based on anticipation," she would say later. "I think out how I'm going to react, how I'm going to resist extraneous thoughts, how I'm going to deal with somebody coming up and telling me I'm behind or

ahead. I prepare for all of this so the adrenaline doesn't go up and I stop thinking. One or two bad shots and you're out of it."

While Murdock seems naturally phlegmatic, other personalities have other methods. The 1972 champion, John Winger of Chicago, shoots very quickly, minimizing his time for errant thought. Bassham is an intense, garrulous man. "He points out how no matter what it looks like, you're shooting worse than he is," Murdock said with affection. "He's soothing himself."

Bassham needed some soothing after the standing fire, because he had lost further ground to Murdock—he now trailed by four points. And only a few feet to Murdock's left, a bearded chef from West Germany named Werner Seibold was taking his time. Dressed in lederhosen over a sweat suit and a thick sweater and wearing ski boots, Seibold was showing the strain—sweating, emitting heavy sighs, regarding his rifle after a pair of 9s as he might a pan of overcooked wiener schnitzel. He fired his last shot—a bull's-eye—only a minute before the two hours allowed for the standing position expired. There was applause from the knot of spectators behind his station—quickly stifled by the marshals.

During the 20-minute break, Berry prowled behind the line, protecting his shooters from overzealous well-wishers. "Except for Lanny, shooters don't ask how the others are doing," he said, and his explanation had a faintly ecclesiastical cast. "Avoiding the temptation to calculate position is vital, because once you lose a shot you can never make it up. Once you fall from absolute perfection, you never regain it. You can only shoot 10s and hope the others will make mistakes. I don't think Margaret's tiredness will be a factor. But I know her nerves will."

Rifle shooting seems to contain nothing to compel the casual spectator's attention. One cannot see the placement of each shot without a telescope, or keep much track of scores. Thus as the hour and 45 minutes for the 40 kneeling shots commenced, the atmosphere behind the firing line was that of a muted garden party. Children gobbled on the moist lawn—Murdock's 5-year-old son, Brett, among them—and beer and sandwiches were served in the refreshment tent. All the while, on the other side of the can-

continued



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Brand W	19	1.3
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Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

## Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Mids Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*2	*0.2
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

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vas, an Olympic contest was going on.

"It was exciting," said Bassham. "Four shots is a lot to make up. Then Margaret picked up a point with a 99 to my 98 on the first 10 shots." Bassham was equal to the challenge and went on to fire an unofficial 391 for his kneeling, giving him a total of 1,160. (The world record of 1,167 belongs to Lones Wigger of the U.S.) Murdock and Seibold arrived at their final 10 shots with Murdock two points ahead and needing at least a 96 to beat out Bassham. She went first, and the crowd groaned as it was marked an 8, her only poor shot of the day. When Seibold hit a 10, their match was suddenly even. "I went to sleep on the wind," said Murdock later. "I knew at once what I'd done." She put in two bull's-eyes and a 9 while Seibold had a bull's-eye and two 9s. The duel continued, the pair coming to the final three shots with Murdock leading by 1. Seibold hit a 10 on his eighth shot, and suddenly the wind gust-ed, extending the red flags set along the firing line. Seibold fired again. It was a 9. Still Murdock waited, and Seibold finished with a 10 and an unofficial 1,160. Murdock's eighth shot was a 9, and the breathless onlookers behind her knew what she had to do to win: two bull's-eyes. She waited, then got off two quick shots on a moment of calm air. Two bull's-eyes. Her unofficial score was 1,162. She was the first woman shooter to win a medal in the Olympics, and it looked like gold.

Unmoved, for she had no idea how dramatic the finish had been, Murdock calmly began packing her paraphernalia into a blue cardboard suitcase. The simple chore and her composed smile seemed to impart a numbing quality. She would show extraordinary patience and acceptance in the following hours, because things were far from settled. All the targets had to be examined by three judges. A shot will score a 10 so long as it touches the line around the bull's-eye, and both Bassham and Murdock had 9s they felt would be raised to 10 under close scrutiny. After two hours the official scores were posted: 1,162 for Murdock, 1,161 for Bassham, 1,160 for Seibold.

Murdock was elated. "I've never seen judges change things once scores have been posted," she said.

Then it was announced that a clerical error had been discovered—a judge had

simply put a 9 where he should have written a 10—and Bassham was tied with Murdock. The tie-breaking method is to compare scores for the last 10 shots. Murdock had 96 points, Bassham 98, so the victory was his. Murdock appealed for a second review of her targets. The two Americans sat together and waited. "We'd been through four hours of hell," Bassham said. "I looked at her and said, 'If this comes out a tie, it will be totally arbitrary that I beat you.'"

Both had experience with the rule. Because of it, Bassham had lost the 1974

world air-rifle championship, and Murdock had won her place on the Olympic team, after tying with John Winger in the Trials. "It has nothing to do with skill," she said. "It's just to save the officials the bother of a shoot-off." Thus when the review Murdock had requested failed to break the tie, she and Bassham asked the International Olympic Committee whether two gold medals could be given. Fine, said the IOC, if it's agreeable to the shooting union. It was not. "The union said, 'You know the rules,'" said Bassham, "and I really can't dispute that.

*Bassham got the gold but insisted that Margaret stand beside him to indicate that she was just as good*



They are just unfair rules. I can't be upset at any individual. Everything was done by the book. There was no discrimination against Margaret because she was a woman. Not here. If anyone is at fault it is me for not trying to change the tie-breaking rule in 1974. You have my promise that rule will be changed. Two shooters will not have to go through this again."

On the victory stand, Bassham gave a hand up to Murdock, and the two stood together. "I wanted to show that I felt her performance had equaled mine," said Bassham. "It was not an act of defiance but a personal thing. There was no way she deserved to stand lower while the national anthem was played."

The gold and silver medals continued the U.S.'s domination of international rifle shooting. Writer and Bassham won the first two places in the small-bore three-position in Munich, and the U.S. swept the first four places in the 1974 world championships. Bassham explained that these successes were due largely to our shooters being provided with coaching and ammunition by the Fort Benning marksmanship unit. "I'll go through \$15,000 a year in ammunition and other expenses," he said.

And then there is that mental program Bassham used a kind of computer lingo to explain it. "Define it as a planned sequence of mental activity that maximizes performance," he said. "If it is designed properly, you don't have time to think about the negative. I have lots more research to do—I buttonhole all the great athletes I can—but I haven't had a bad day since 1972."

As he watched his wife slip the gold medal back into its case, Bassham reflected on the implications of his achievement. "If you had asked me before the Olympics why I shoot, I'd have answered because of the ecstatic feeling I get from doing well under pressure. Well, I sure had to do that here. I had to shoot a 100 in knee and I did it. It should have been an explosive kick. It wasn't." He looked into the eyes of his wife. "I seem to have elevated things to the level of consistent mental control. It's like I've eliminated the pressure, and so the elation. That seems to change it somehow." There passed across his face an expression of concern; perhaps he felt like a man who on reaching a destination finds it a barren place—the ineffable sadness of all thoughtful victors.

END

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More and more women are hefting weights—and more probably should. They will look not like Mr. America, but their best selves  
by PAT JORDAN

## A THOROUGHLY UPLIFTING EXPERIENCE

On a drizzly Sunday in Los Angeles about 200 spectators and 75 weight lifters showed up at the Los Angeles Police Academy auditorium near Chavez Ravine for a men's junior AAU power lifting contest. The meet attracted competitors of various ages, sizes and configurations. There were skinny youths in the 114-pound class who seemed to have bought their tight-fitting T-shirts at a children's store. There were men, gray-haired and balding, who were clad in candy-striped trunks resembling Gay Nineties bathing suits. There were 300-pound superheavyweights, standing like redwoods, who wore wide leather belts around their ponderous stomachs. There were bodybuilders, less beefy and more

defined, who were chiefly concerned with their abdominal muscles, which they examined by lifting the hems of their T-shirts when passing a window. There were also two women. They were appearing only in an exhibition, although both Natalie Kahn and Cyndy Groffman had previously competed in power lifting contests against men as well as women.

Natalie Kahn, a 25-year-old student from Fresno, Calif. who stands 5' 3" and weighs 122 pounds, wore a lifting suit, mascara and frosted lipstick. Cyndy Groffman, 5' 6" and 140 pounds, wore a red-white-and-blue diagonally striped leotard and dangling earrings. Both lifted in a parody of men's styles. Natalie worried the weights, approaching the bar-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LONG





*Shirley Patterson, 40, no longer finds satisfaction in matches and concentrates more on her figure*



*Both Natalia Kohn (left) and Cindy Groffman (top) seek competition, even if it is quite limited*

bell for her dead lift as if it were a sleeping animal. She circled it, backed off, rubbed chalk on her hands, faced it squarely from about 10 feet away, then hurried forward, bent over and grabbed the bar, dead-lifting 245 pounds to her

knees. Cyndy was more exuberant and undisciplined. She sat on the sidelines until her name was announced and then she walked over to the barbell, grabbed it and, with a toss of her long wavy hair, yanked up 270 pounds while letting out a scream: "Aaagghhh!"

Kohn and Groffman are registered with the AAU as power lifters. There is nothing new in women lifting heavy

weights. For years women bodybuilders, like Shirley Patterson, a health club manager in North Hollywood, have used weights to mold their bodies. And, contrary to popular opinion, these women have learned that even when they have been lifting weights for some time, they do not increase bulk and muscle size the way men do. Weight lifting pares away a woman's fat and strengthens and hardens her muscles, but the result is simply a tighter, leaner look.

During the course of her bodybuilding, Shirley Patterson, who may be one of the strongest women in the U.S., found herself lifting extremely heavy weights for her size (5' 2" and 112 pounds). Out of curiosity she entered a men's AAU power lifting contest not, as she explains, "to be competitive against men, because we can't be. Women don't have the musculature. It was rather to challenge myself and see if I could improve on what I had been doing in workouts." Patterson found that in competition she was able to lift weights heavier than those she had lifted in practice.

Most of the 30-odd women registered as power lifters have gravitated to the sport either because of male influence—a boyfriend or husband—or as an outgrowth of competition in another sport, usually track and field. Yet, of the hus-

*continued*

dreds of track women lifting weights in this country, only a few compete in lifting contests.

One who does is Cindy Reinhardt, 30, who is 5'6" tall and 165 pounds. She took up power lifting to improve her performance as a shotputter and discus thrower and managed to become world class in these events, appearing in the 1963 Pan-American Games. But of late Reinhardt has been concentrating solely on power lifting at the urging of her husband Don, who is the world super-heavyweight power lift champion. In a men's meet in Eric, Pa. last February Cindy became the first woman to move into Class 3 (an intermediate category) of AAU power lifting.

Kathy Schmidt, the Olympic javelin thrower, came to lifting weights in much the same way, but unlike Reinhardt she disdains competition. She has spent the better part of her life rationalizing her size, which is now 6'1" and 175 pounds. And yet, until she mentions her size—usually her first comment to a stranger—one is not really aware of it. She began

lifting weights about five years ago to improve her throwing and now regularly lifts in the women's gym at UCLA, rather than in the men's gym. She says, "I do that out of courtesy to the men. I would hold them up if I lifted in their weight room. I'm kind of a freak in the women's gym. The only women who use weights are the dancers, and they don't use the heavy ones that are on the squat rack. They don't even know what the rack is. When I load up and prepare to squat maybe 260 pounds, they all stop and whisper, 'What's she gonna do?' When I put the bar up on my shoulders, everything goes quiet. It must blow all their

mands. Afterward they say, 'Hey, that's neat. But why do you do it?'"

Schmidt refuses to compete in power lifting contests, despite the fact that she is exceptionally strong for a woman (she can dead-lift 400 pounds). "I love to lift," she says. "I'm addicted to weights. It makes me feel good—healthier and stronger and I can see my body taking a different shape. And it's a great release from aggressions. But mostly, I do it for the javelin. I can never see myself doing one without the other. Also, I don't think the public's ready for women power lifting. They treat it like a freak show, as if it weren't serious. It must be frustrating for those women who take it seriously."

At the L.A. meet the spectators were knowledgeable enough to view the women as athletes and root for them as they strained to lift weights lighter than most of the men were lifting. There was none of the "freak show" atmosphere one might have expected, although John Askem, the coordinator of the event, did admit he had invited the women to draw

fans to pay for the men's events. "It was a gimmick," he said.

The women competing did not see it that way. "I've always considered myself an artist, not a sportswoman," said Natalie Kahn as she waited with her mother and grandmother for her moment to lift. The three women sat identically, hands in their laps, backs straight. "I had no interest even in girls' recreation in school," Kahn said. "I never went through the athletic thing until I started going out with Bob Packer, who's the AAU coach for the U.S. power lifting team. I'd go to the gym with him and watch him work out, and one day I saw a woman pick up a 135-pound barbell. I can do that," I said. But I found that I couldn't even roll it. I got curious as to how it would feel to strain like that, and so I started lifting with Bob. I lost weight. I felt good, mentally and physically. As work—I was a decorator—I wasn't at all tired at the end of the day. I began to set goals for myself. Now I'm second in the 123-pound class, but I want to drop my weight to the 114-pound class and still be able to lift the same amount [200 pounds in the squat, 135 in the bench press, 300 in the dead lift]. I'm very serious about lifting. I don't want to go out there and be laughed at. I want to see how strong I can get. I have finally found a thing I can be good at. It's given me self-confidence. In everything. The stronger I get, the more things I feel I can do outside of weight lifting. I'm more outspoken, too. Bob says I'm getting more arrogant every day. It's true. The stronger I get, the meaner I get."

Cyndy Groffman, a 23-year-old from Chicago, has been on her own since she was 14. "I've lied about my age so often. I'm not really sure how old I am," she said. Currently living in Redondo Beach, Calif., Groffman is one of those persons who always seem to have just come from, or to be going to, another part of the country. Cyndy appears prepared for this constant uprooting, carrying a leather satchel tossed over one shoulder. She opened it and rummaged about for a stack of gum while waiting for her name to be called at the L.A. meet. Pictures of her dogs and boyfriends, past and present, spilled out. She looked at one of the latter, shrugged, and said, "You win a few, you lose a few. I was married at 15. Oh, he was a real con man! But I loved him."

continued



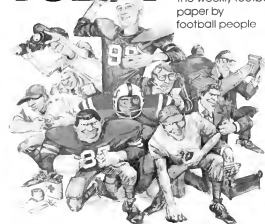
Patterson, at her health-club paperwork believes barbells are fun

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She shrugged again and stuffed everything back into her purse.

"I came out to the West Coast to start over," she said. "My life was upside down when I got here, and then I had my car stolen and my other car repossessed. I lost my job two weeks before Christmas. My apartment was broken into. I guess that's the way to start something new, from scratch. I had been a tomboy when I was a kid, although I hadn't done anything in sports since I was 15. That's one reason I came out here, to get back into the physical life. I love sports. I've been lifting for less than a year and I'm nowhere near my best yet. I don't do any lifts according to style. I just sort of psych myself up, grab it and lift."

"I love to compete. I love to do things most women won't do. That's why I'd rather compete against men. They're more of a challenge than most women. Right now I'm ranked No. 2 among women in the country in the 148-pound class. I can squat 175 pounds, bench-press 105 pounds and dead-lift 270. That would never beat a man, but I'm not really in this to beat men. A woman can't. I'm not trying to lift as much as a man to show them up. I don't hate men. When I go out on a date I don't carry my barbells with me. And I dress Frederick's of Hollywood all the way."

Groffman is an extra lifter on a men's team operating out of Redondo Beach. She says that just being with that team has given her an identity she has never known. "All my life I've been on my own, and this is the first time I've ever had a common interest with a group," she said. "My mother was shocked, not by my weight lifting, but by the fact that I had finally stuck to something for any length of time. More than anything in the world I want to break every woman's weight lifting mark. I want weight lifting to be the main thing in my life. It's the only thing I ever started and carried through."

Groffman was introduced to weight lifting almost by accident. She was the only woman to show up at an exhibition of weight lifting by Shirley Patterson. Patterson had lifted in a number of men's power lifting meets and had tried to get other women interested in the sport so that she could organize women's meets. She says, "At first I thought I was the only woman lifting heavy weights in a gym, but then I realized there were oth-

ers, but we didn't know about one another. So I approached the Southern Pacific Association, the major power lifting group here, and asked them to start a woman's program. John Askem appointed me the women's coordinator."

The first all-women's AAU power lifting championships in the United States were held last September in Glendale, Calif. About a dozen women competed in various weight classes, with Natalie Kahn winning the 123-pound class, Cindy Groffman the 148-pound class, and Shirley Patterson the 114-pound class, in addition to being picked the best lifter in the meet. She was 39 years old.

When Shirley Patterson talks, she looks directly into a person's eyes. And she listens equally attentively, though there may be a flutter of eyelashes, a quiver of lips and involuntary shakes of her head. She seems to hold her ground only by an act of will. She has large, three-dimensional eyes, delicate bones and a nature that suggests a high-strung animal, one twitch from flight. As a child she was lonely and withdrawn. She amused herself with dolls and dancing in empty rooms and with a host of other "feminine things." At 20, she bore some resemblance to a beauty queen, and at 30 the resemblance was more pronounced. Today, at 40, after two marriages, two divorces and three children, she has the fresh face and well-developed body of a 19-year-old bison twirler at Ole Miss. Only her body is not so soft. It is devoid of the layer of fat on most women that softens them. Patterson acquired this look by a routine of weight lifting that would have wilted ordinary men. As a power lifter she can dead-lift 225 pounds from the floor, squat down and up again with 180 pounds on her shoulders, and bench-press 125 pounds over her head. She is one of the few women in the country who can bench-press a weight greater than her own body weight. Another, Rebecca Joubert, who attends the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga, gained attention by winning a men's 132-pound power lift at the Chattanooga Open with a bench press of 135 pounds. Since then Joubert has gone on to set four American power lifting records. (Generally, a proficient male lifter can bench-press between two and three times his own body weight.)

Shirley Patterson's life divides cleanly

into two parts: the period before she began to lift weights and the period after. She says of the former, "My teenage years are a blank. I was very sheltered. My parents treated me like a possession. They would never let me try any real sports. I've always felt that, given the opportunity, I might have become an excellent gymnast." As an act of independence, she eloped at 18, but that marriage failed and her second as well, because, she says, she continued to feel like a possession. "Both of my husbands wanted a woman who was just a wife and mother. I wanted to be more than that. I have always believed there was something missing from my life, that I had no personality of my own. I never did anything special in my youth and I had this terrible fear of getting old. I don't ever want to get old. I felt I had to do something soon or else I would be beat down. Just existing."

Patterson had exercised at home during her first marriage, and during her second she began frequenting health clubs in the L.A. area where she was introduced to weight lifting as a form of bodybuilding. Weight lifting appealed to her for several reasons—health, strength, looks—but mostly because it was something she could do by herself, and it released the pent-up aggressions a timid woman could never release in public.

She entered her first physique contest, an AAU event, at 36, and finished third to a 19-year-old and a 26-year-old. Shortly afterward, she was divorced a second time. "My second husband wasn't into weight lifting," she says, "and by then I was spending a lot of time away from home. I worked as a secretary during the day, ran a few males at the beach late in the afternoon, and then went to a health club at night to lift weights. Oh, I used to have these fantastic workouts! I'd get lost in them! It may sound strange, but I made a vow not to date for a whole year, to just devote my time to my body. Your body's the only thing you have that's your own. It gave me self-worth, a personality. It wasn't until then that I started to know myself, to really grow."

Today Patterson manages the North Hollywood Health Club on Lankershim Boulevard from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., and after that she changes into her tights and leotards and goes into the men's gym to work out. "I love the men's gym," she



says. "It has all those heavy-looking black weights like a gym should. The women's gym has chrome weights."

The men's gym is small and square. There are mirrors everywhere. Above the mirrors are photographs of bodybuilders in different poses. The room is crowded with mats, incline boards, bench presses, squat racks, pull-up bars and, in the center, an intricate-looking Universal machine. Propped against one wall are rows and rows of barbells and dumbbells and flat, circular barbell plates. The plates vary in size and poundage and look like the embossed coins of Brodbygning. The gym is filled with massive men, lifters and bodybuilders, all grunting and sweating and heaving under enormous weights, which, when finished with, they let drop to the floor with a clank.

Shirley, smelling of perfume, steps between these massive men. They acknowledge her with a word or two. She moves with prim, yet purposeful steps, like a child in an enchanted forest. She goes to the bench press, slips plates on the ends of a bar, lies down on the bench, grips the bar overhead, and prepares to lift it. The bar and plates total 125 pounds. Patterson claims that if she concentrated on nothing but her power lifts for a year she could bench-press 150 pounds. But since she is primarily a bodybuilder, her routine includes many lifts requiring repetitions that are just exhausting enough to keep her from reaching her maximum in the three power lifts. Male power lifters are interested only in lifting their maximum weight one time, while bodybuilders lift less than their maximum many times to pare away fat and tone muscle. Women, it seems, combine both types of lifting. The heavier the weights, the stronger they grow and the more sharply defined their bodies become.

Patterson lifts the 125-pound barbell off its rack, holding it over her head. For the first time, the muscles in her arms flare. She puckers her lips as if to blow smoke rings and takes a series of quick breaths—"Cho-cho-cho-cho"—before lowering the weight to her chest. Then, in one fluid motion, she raises it back over her head and slips it onto the rack. She gets up and straightens the bench press, as if it were household furniture she is tidying up. "I try to lift using proper form," she says. "I always want to look feminine. I don't want to go up there

and grab it like an animal." She walks over to a table where she has laid out a pink notebook in which she records each day's workout. She fills in the box under bench press, and then goes to the squat rack. Unable to resist, some of the men glance over at her. She is wearing a wine-colored leopard cut low in front, a scarf tied like Isadora Duncan's around her neck, and large, circular earrings that jingle when she moves. As she slips weights onto the barbell on the squat rack, she says, "A lot of what I do is for recognition. I used to sky-dive and I made a television commercial for Jack LaLanne Health Clubs. I was 36 when I started sky diving. I started everything late in life. One reason I began power lifting was to get recognition for all those years in the gym by myself. I had this urge to be recognized and, of course, to compete. It's funny though, when I tried to recruit other women to power lift, none of the married girls were interested. They didn't feel the need to compete anymore for anything. Anyway, I've gotten that competitive phase out of my system. I don't power lift in contest anymore. I feel now that to compete to gain recognition was the wrong reason. Besides, I had begun to feel the AAU was exploiting us, using women to make money for the men. No money was going into women's programs. I confine my lifting to private workouts now. But I won't ever not lift. It's part of my life. I feel guilty when I miss a day."

Patterson positions herself underneath the squat rack, lifts the 170-pound barbell onto her shoulders, and stands there a moment. She stares straight ahead, then says, under extreme duress, "I feel at home in a gym. In a lot of life's situations I feel uncomfortable. I'm not at ease in large groups. I go into a shell. Most of my friends are men bodybuilders. They treat me like one of the guys and I can communicate with them in the gym in a way I can't always do outside with other people."

She moves a step back now and takes those quick breaths again—"Cho-cho-cho-cho"—and then she squats slowly until her rear end is almost touching the floor. She starts to rise, falters, seems unable to make it, her face contorted in pain until she lets out an anguished scream—"Aaagghhhhh!"—and rises to her feet.

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By CELIA WALLACE

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## The point of no returns

UP IN ARMS OVER LITTER, ENVIRONMENTALISTS ARE WAGING A BATTLE OF THE BOTTLES WITH THE CONTAINER INDUSTRY OVER REFILLABLES VS. THROWAWAYS

A summer-long experiment in California's Yosemite National Park is proving that no one should underestimate the power of a nuckel in cleaning up America. Last May, without fanfare, the park concessionaire began charging a 5¢ deposit on every beverage container sold. The purpose was to encourage consumers to collect cans and bottles rather than toss them away as litter. Early returns have been remarkable.

"Every week we're recycling more aluminum cans than we did all last year," reports John Crofut, public-relations director for the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, which will sell about one million cans of beer and soft drinks during the 16-week test. "The return rate is up to 76% and it may go to 80%. The amount of litter in the park has been greatly reduced. We find people from five to 95 out picking up the cans."

The Yosemite experience could be a preview of what lies ahead in other national parks if U.S. Environmental Pro-

tection Agency plans aren't sidetracked. The EPA is formulating regulations that would make mandatory a deposit on all pop and beer sold in federal parks, buildings and military bases.

But Yosemite soon may find itself smack in the middle of The Great Bottle Bill War. The battle began 300-odd miles to the north, in the state of Oregon, in 1971 when the legislature passed a law requiring deposits on all beer and pop containers and banning the ubiquitous pull-tabs. By placing an economic value on every container, proponents reasoned, there would be fewer throwaways, and ugly litter along roadsides and beaches would be drastically reduced. And that's exactly how it worked.

Not surprisingly, the bottle bill encountered opposition. The deposit-and-return concept is anathema to a container industry, which profits from the manufacture of 60 billion throwaway cans and bottles annually. National brewers also have a sizable stake in the con-

tinued use of the one-way containers, which allows them to expand their markets and compete against regional beers without having to worry about shipping empties back for refilling. The container industry complains that Oregon's bottle bill and others since passed in Vermont and South Dakota are discriminatory, focusing on only a fraction of "total" litter. As an alternative, the industry argues for tougher litter laws and better education programs to change the behavior patterns of the people responsible for litter.

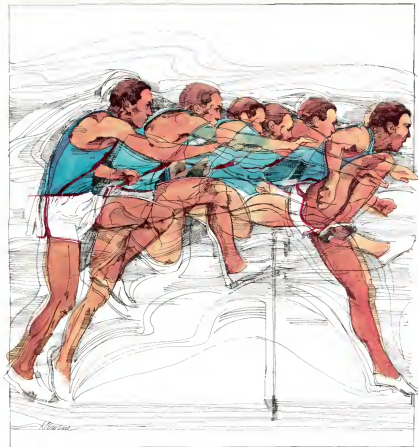
The industry has argued that Oregon is a unique place, suggesting it is full of woody weardos, and while the bottle bill might be effective there, it probably wouldn't work elsewhere. Other representatives of industry use another approach, asserting that Oregon's bottle bill has actually been a failure. Tom McCall, the former governor of the state who signed the bottle bill into law, calls it "the most lied-about piece of legislation in history." His successor, Bob Straub, also has uttered some strong words. In a letter to William B. Renner, president of the Aluminum Company of America, Straub charged ALCOA with "incredible lies, innuendos and gross inaccuracies." Straub was concerned about an ALCOA advertising campaign that warned of "Trouble on the Oregon Trail." Among ALCOA's claims: Oregon's beverage-container litter problem had actually gotten worse, prices were up, sales were down and the aluminum can had been "lost," depriving the consumer of his freedom of choice. "Mr. Renner, this is simply not responsible advertising," Straub wrote. But Renner, in his reply, defended the advertising and spoke of ALCOA's commitment to solving the total litter problem.

ALCOA's assessment is sharply at odds with the way most Oregonians perceive the bottle bill. After the law took effect in October 1972, the impact on the outdoors became obvious, and Oregonians became believers. A 1973 public-opinion survey found 91% of the citizens favoring the law.

A fishermen's organization conducted annual litter pickups along the Siuslaw River and Lake Creek, two popular steelhead streams, and after the bottle bill went into effect, the chairman of the clean-up group

Continued





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wrote, "Two years ago we picked up an estimated 3,000 beer cans and bottles, all nonreturnable, amounting to about 80% of our catch on that trip. Last Sunday, less than 1% of the litter we picked up was beer cans and bottles."

"You can walk on the beaches now and hardly ever see a bottle or can," says Don Waggoner, a 41-year-old industrial executive and past president of the Oregon Environmental Council, the coalition of citizens' groups that lobbied for the bill. Waggoner says state highway litter surveys show that beverage-related litter declined 83% during the first two years of the deposit system.

Ski-area operators report drastic reductions in the debris picked up after the snow melts. At Crater Lake National Park rangers are stopping less frequently to pick up discarded containers along the roads. Backpackers are finding less litter on trails and in campsites. "We once considered banning the taking of cans and bottles into our wildernesses because we

have no disposal systems there," says Al Sorseth, recreation officer for the Willamette National Forest on the western slope of the Cascades. "But in the last few years we would not have been able to justify such a regulation—what's taken in seems to be coming out. One reason is that the bottle bill has created an emphasis...an awareness."

At a rodeo in eastern Oregon, Governor Straub recently saw proof that while bottles are still thrown away, they don't necessarily end up as unsightly litter. As rodeo spectators tossed away their empties on the hillside that served as a natural bleachers, small boys collected the bottles almost before they landed and carried them off in boxes to claim the refund bounty. "When the rodeo was over and people left, there wasn't a bottle or can left in the whole area," Straub says.

Oregon's return rate for refillable bottles is reported at 94%. Some of the refillable bottles make 20 trips or more. John Piacentini, owner of a chain of mar-

kets, says, "Every grocer I know claims he is buying back as many—if not more—empty containers as the number of full ones he is selling. If this is true, how can people still be littering?"

And how can ALCOA claim beverage-container litter is worse than ever? By ingenious—too ingenious—use of litter statistics, says Waggoner. The claim was based on differing sets of data that, in Waggoner's opinion, couldn't be compared without coming to misleading conclusions. Renner seems reluctant to discuss specifics. "I think you're beating a dead horse to death," he says. "You can prove anything you want to prove. The important thing is that we all agree there is a litter problem—the only area of difference is how to improve it."

Tom McCall thinks it is time to stop disputes over what the litter statistics do or do not show. "I keep telling people to bring to Oregon the most empirical of all research instruments, the human eye, and have a look for themselves," he says.

*continued*

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#### CONSERVATION continued

Anyone who takes McCall's advice is likely to make an additional discovery. The aluminum can was not lost on the Oregon Trail; it only dropped out of sight temporarily while nondetachable "button-down" tops were in the process of being developed to replace the outlawed pull-tabs. Retailers also needed time to devise ways of handling the empty cans. Now the aluminum can is making a comeback, though not in its previous numbers, and is available for the consumer who prefers it.

Consumers are bringing back the empty cans almost as faithfully as they return the bottles. The return rate is averaging 80%.

The high return rates achieved in Oregon and Yosemite strongly suggest that the deposit system may be the answer. Although the aluminum industry recently announced with a touch of pride that 3.9 billion all-aluminum cans were collected for recycling last year—a record performance—that was only one out of four cans sold. Approximately 11.7 billion cans wound up as part of the country's solid-waste stream.

Bottle-bill legislation similar to Oregon's has been introduced in almost every other state, with minimal results. Only Vermont has a mandatory deposit law in effect (since 1973) and the experience there parallels Oregon's. South Dakota passed legislation that was scheduled to take effect this year, but the bill was repealed under industry pressure and replaced with a substitute that takes effect in 1978.

Bottle-bill enthusiasts invariably find themselves outgunned financially by interested corporations. Colorado brewer William Coors, a maverick who favors a uniform federal deposit law, estimates that industry is spending \$20 million annually to fight the bottle-bill war. In Dade County, Fla. the beverage and container industry spent more than \$180,000—66% of it coming from outside the county—to defeat a deposit bill in a local referendum. Greater Miami civic groups supporting the proposal had a war chest of only \$1,751.

Perhaps understandably, labor is siding with industry, seeking to protect some jobs that would be affected by a return to a two-way system. "The power of big business and big labor marching in lock-step simply overwhelmed us," said Oregon Senator Mark Hatfield on June 30

after the U.S. Senate rejected, 60-26, his amendment to ban throwaway beverage containers over a five-year period.

Economic issues, with the emphasis on jobs, have been the most potent weapon in repelling bottle-bill threats. But studies in several states found that what happened in Oregon would be repeated elsewhere; bottle bills would create more jobs than the number lost. At the same time, these studies showed, a switch to refillable containers would probably mean lower retail prices for the consumer. A one-way can has to be much more costly than a bottle that can be used again and again.

Deposit-law referendums are expected this year in Michigan, Massachusetts, Maine and Colorado. The Michigan United Conservation Clubs, Inc., representing some 100,000 sportsmen, collected more than 400,000 signatures in 30 days to put a bottle bill on the November ballot—only to be challenged in the courts by an industry-labor coalition. But polls show pro-bottle-bill sentiment running 75% and higher, says MUCC Executive Director Tom Washington.

"In the final analysis, the man on the street is fed up with cans in his yard, along the highway and driveway and everywhere else—that's probably what will sway the vote," Washington says.

While litter reduction has immediate political appeal, energy is showing signs of becoming the major issue in the bottle-bill debate. Hatfield told the Senate that a switch to returnables would reduce the container industry's energy consumption by 42% and save the equivalent of 125,000 barrels of oil a day. In Oregon alone, according to Don Waggoner's busy slide rule, the bottle bill has resulted in an energy savings of 1,400 trillion BTUs annually, enough to provide the natural-gas heating needs of 12,000 homes.

A clue that industry can adapt swiftly to legislative changes came after Vermont strengthened its law, requiring all bottles to be refillable by Jan. 1, 1977. "Within one week," reports Donald Webster, Vermont's director of environmental protection, "Schlitz flooded the market with refillable bottles and advertising that said, 'Save money with money-saver refillable bottles.'"

The year ahead should be the most decisive one of the bottle war. So if the issue makes you fighting mad—one way or the other—take to the field.

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As candidates for the Team of the Future, the California Angels would seem to merit consideration alongside the Virginia Squires or the Portland Thunder. When last observed, the Angels were dead last in the Western Division of the American League, tagging 19 games behind the Kansas City Royals. Their once-promising pitching staff had fallen into disarray, and the rest of the lineup was as familiar to baseball fans as the viola section of the Cleveland Orchestra. The Angels' most newsworthy performance in months occurred last Friday, when they fired Manager Dick Williams and replaced him with Third Base Coach Norm Sherry.

Ah, but this, as we hear so often in congressional corridors these days, is only the tip of the iceberg. Beneath the fountaining parent team are the most potent farm clubs in the game, staffed mainly by youngsters who, the Angels hope, are only a season or two away from the big time. At the end of last week, four of California's five minor league teams were leading their leagues or divisions, and the fifth, Idaho Falls of the rookie Pioneer League, was running a strong second, just 3½ games back. Salt Lake City was in first place in the Eastern Division of the Triple A Pacific Coast League by two games, El Paso was 1½ ahead in the Western Division of the Texas League, Salinas, winner of the first half of the Class A California League season, was also leading in the second half; and Quad Cities was atop the Class A Midwest League.

The Salt Lake City Gulls had four regulars hitting over .300, paced by the speedy Carlos Lopez'.350 Third Baseman Ron Farkas of the El Paso Diablos led the Texas League until late last week with a .345 average, having supplanted teammate Fred Frazier, who was promoted to the Gulls on July 12 when he was hitting .363. But the hottest Diablo of all was the 21-year-old, 215-pound First Baseman Willie Mays Atkens, who was hitting .330, had hit 23 homers and had driven in an astounding 88 runs. Atkens, whose given names were inspired by the delivering physician's exclamation that he was the bawling image of the Giants' centerfielder, is especially prized because of his power, a commodity in short supply on the Angels.

According to California's Special Assignment Scout Ray Scarborough, there

are top shortstop prospects on all of the farm teams. The most promising are Salt Lake City's 23-year-old Mike Miley, a part-time player with the Angels in 1975, his second season as a professional, and Rance Mulliniks, the El Paso whiz. There is a catcher, Tom Donohue of El Paso, who is highly regarded though currently sidelined with a crushed knuckle on his right hand; an outfielder, Thad Bosley of Salinas, who has stolen 68 bases in 96 games; and a relief pitcher, Mike Overy of Salt Lake, who has a career-long habit of amassing more strikeouts than innings pitched. At last count, Overy had 88 whiffs in 71 innings this season.

Of course, outstanding minor league performances do not major-leaguers make, but the Angels have a right to be optimistic. The man behind this accumulation of talent is Executive Vice President-General Manager Harry Dalton, who moved to Anaheim in 1971 from Baltimore, where he had been the person most responsible for building the farm system that led to the various Orioles championships of the late '60s and early '70s. Among Dalton's first acts as an Angel was to surround himself with six former Orioles scouts. All told, the Angels employ 14 full- and part-time scouts.

Dalton cautiously suggests that California's scouting was not what it might have been before he joined the Angels. Of all the youngsters signed from 1966 to 1970, only one, First Baseman Danny Briggs, is now playing regularly; he is a modest .230 hitter. The current Angels include numerous Dalton-era farm products, although most of them still have some ripening to do. By Dalton's timetable—which he has carefully plotted, taking into account his Baltimore experience—California should "move up" in 1977. He figures 1978 should be "a very, very good year."

The future Angels will have played on victorious teams, a significant consideration. "Winning pennants is not the ultimate goal of our farm system," Dalton says. "Player development is. But winning is an important adjunct to the training system. It becomes a matter of habit. Why, we had players coming up to the Orioles in the '60s who had been on two or three pennant winners in the minors. They were used to winning."

Dalton, his coolly efficient Minor League Director Tom Sommers, Scarborough and Special Instructor and Coach

## The Angels' prospects are heavenly

WITH THE TOP FARM CLUBS, CALIFORNIA COULD SOON BECOME A DEVIL TO BEAT

Bob Clear descended on Salt Lake City last week, an occurrence not lost on Gulls Manager Jimmy (yes, one M) Williams and his players, who soundly defeated Hawaii 5-2. The visitors clucked happily over the speed of Centerfielder Gil Flores and Designated Hitter Lopez, whom Clear clocked at 3.8 seconds on one sizzling sprint to first base. They moaned in close harmony as Miley was hit on the kneecap with a pitch and was forced to leave the game. Though he remains unsigned for 1976, the young shortstop is the top prospect at his position in the system.

*continued*



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## BASEBALL continued

tem, reason enough for the brass to cluster around him in the clubhouse like so many grieving relatives. To their relief, Miley's injury proved to be more painful than serious.

Baseball is a serious business and a bit more to Dalton, an Amherst graduate who once aspired to be a writer. "This is my form of creativity," he says. "I'm not putting words together as I once intended. I'm putting people together. I wasn't growing bored on the job in Baltimore. No, I came to California for three reasons—I loved the state, I knew the area couldn't miss for baseball and I had the chance to do the creative thing all over again. It's our life's blood in this business, taking crude material and creating something."

There are no masterpieces in Anaheim yet, but there just might be one the year after next.

## THE WEEK

(July 18-24)

by LARRY KEITH

**NL WEST** Good pitching from unexpected sources highlighted play throughout the division. John D'Acquisto of San Francisco and Carl Morton of Atlanta both ended season-long losing streaks. Tommy John of Los Angeles pitched his first shutout in more than two years and Dan Lison of Houston notched his first major league victory with a five-hitter.

D'Acquisto actually won twice for San Francisco (5-3), beating St. Louis 5-3 and Houston 4-0 and allowing only six hits in 14 innings. A game against Montreal was just the thing Morton needed to start winning after seven losses. The 7-1 victory brought his three-season record against his old teammates to 8-1. Mike Marshall got a win and his 14th save for Atlanta (3-5), but Andy Messersmith lost his third straight.

When Tommy John four-hit San Diego 5-0, it marked a major step in his recovery from elbow surgery on Sept. 25, 1974. Los Angeles (3-3) beat St. Louis twice as Reggie Smith continued to pound his old teammates (he's 10 for 21 in five games against them).

Houston (5-5) staggered through four doubleheaders, winning one from Montreal, losing one to Pittsburgh and splitting two with the Pirates and San Francisco. Ed Herrmann had eight hits and seven RBIs in the Expo sweep and made all the right decisions as Rookie Larson won the second game 14-1. Pitching Coach Mel Wright told Larson that

he wanted the experienced Herrmann to do the thinking and Larson to do the pitching.

Cincinnati (5-2) got good hitting from Pete Rose, which is usual, and three complete games from Pat Zachry, Fred Norman (a 4-0 shutout of New York) and Santo Alcala, which is becoming increasingly unusual. The Reds now have 23 complete performances, one more than all last season.

San Diego (5-2) eked out four one-run victories and had a more comfortable 3-0 shutout of Philadelphia by Randy Jones. The Phillies have batted .167 and scored no runs in their 27 innings against Jones this year.

CIN 60-36 LA 53-43 HOU 49-50  
SD 48-49 ATL 44-52 SF 42-56

**NL EAST** Although the Pirates insist otherwise, the Phillies may have sewn up the division race last week with more than 70 games to go. The Phils won three of four in a matchup with Pittsburgh and fattened their lead to 12 games, largest in the history of the franchise.

In fact, Philadelphia (6-2) played like champions all week, starting out with a two-game sweep of Los Angeles, during which the Phillies twice scored the winning run in the ninth inning. Each of the six wins was posted by a different pitcher, but the combined four-hit 3-0 shutout of the Pirates by Tom Underwood and Ron Reed was the best. "If I can start out with a strike, I can get them to hack at anything close after that," Underwood said. The statistics supported his strategy: 10 of the 31 batters he faced, 20 fell behind on the first pitch and four more made outs by swinging at Underwood's initial delivery.

All but one of Pittsburgh's 14-6 victories came against Houston, including a combined two-hitter by Larry Demery and Dave Giusti. Bill Robinson continued his hot hitting by slugging three home runs.

New York (3-3) suffered a power failure when Dave Kingman was sidelined for six weeks with torn thumb ligaments. The night before, Kingman had hit his 32nd home run as Mickey Lolich two-hit the Braves 2-0. Jerry Koosman won his 11th by holding Cincinnati's big guns to five hits in a 2-1 win. The Mets' most galling defeat was a 3-2 setback in Montreal that came on an 11th-inning homer by Del Unser—three games after he and Wayne Garrett had been traded by New York to clear out some "dead wood."

Reliever Dale Murray ended his season-long eight-game losing streak with a pair of victories for Montreal (3-5). But starter Woodie Fryman (8-5) wanted out. "The one club I saw as bad as this was the Phillies in 1972," he said. "If I were the Expos, I'd get rid of me and get one or two more young players. We're going backward."

St. Louis (2-6) ended a five-game losing streak by pounding Chicago 12-3. Earlier Manager Red Schoendienst had tried to get

more punch in the lineup by moving Catcher First Baseman Ted Simmons to third and putting Vic Harris at second in place of injured Mike Tyson. After each of them had made two errors in a game, Simmons went back to his old position and Harris to the bench.

Everyone in Chicago (3-4) seemed to have a complaint. Manager Jim Marshall benched Jerry Morales and the outfielder called him "galass!" Bill Madlock was hit by pitches twice in a game against St. Louis and steamed that his pitchers were not protecting him. And after the players held a meeting to determine "why we accept losing as easily as we do," Pricer Joe Coleman moaned, "We're not pulling together enough."

PHIL 63-29 PIT 52-42 NY 60-47  
ST. L 41-52 CH 39-55 MONT 29-59

**AL WEST** Not all of the Angels' good young players are down on the farm. California (5-3) welcomed new Manager Norm Sherry by sweeping a doubleheader from Texas 8-0 and 4-3. Rookie Paul Hartzell pitched a three-hitter in the first game for his second victory of the week, and young Shortstop Mario Guerrero, a reclamation project from the Red Sox and Cards, had four hits. Sherry, who managed five years in the California minor league system, looks for more of the same. "I see kids who were no better—and maybe a little worse—than some of my kids making good in the big leagues, and I think mine can, too."

Just when it seemed as if Oakland (5-3) might be getting back into the division race, the A's fell apart. It happened in the sixth inning of a game against first-place Kansas City before 42,592 people, the largest crowd of the season in Oakland. The night before, Vida Blue's six-hit, 13-strikeout performance had beaten the Royals 2-0 and cut their lead to eight games. On Saturday the A's were leading 4-0 when five errors and shoddy relief pitching let KC score all its runs in a 6-5 win.

Kansas City (3-4) had not looked good earlier in the week when it dropped games to Baltimore 10-3 and Milwaukee 5-0. Manager Whitey Herzog compared the play in the first loss to that in *Bad News Bears* and wanted to refund the fans' money after the second. "I thought seriously about having a team meeting," Herzog said. "Then I decided it wasn't necessary. When they play that bad, they know they are losing."

Texas (2-5) started another losing streak to dip below .500 for the first time this season. One-run victories over New York and Boston ended a 10-game drought, but at week's end the Rangers had dropped five in a row.

New York, Minnesota and consecutive doubleheaders with Detroit wore the White Sox out. Chicago (4-5) blew a 7-0 first-inning lead against the Yankees, losing 14-9, and took a 17-2 mauling from the Twins.

The victory over Chicago was Minnesota's (5-2) fourth straight. In that game, Lyman Bostock hit for the cycle, driving in four runs and scoring four.

KC 58-36 OAK 50-46 TEX 46-47  
MONT 49-48 CH 43-51 CAL 41-57

**AL EAST** "I've got my bloodhounds out," said Reggie Jackson last week as he hit home runs in six consecutive games and began to nose in on the league's home-run lead. "Before, the leaders were a couple of hills away. But now I can see them," said Reggie. With 16 home runs Jackson was only three behind leader Sal Bando. "Park it, Sal," Reggie warned. "You're cluttering up the highway."

Jackson's most important clout of the week helped Baltimore (4-4) beat Texas 4-3 in the ninth. Forgotten man Paul Blair also knocked off the Rangers with a two-run shot in the 12th inning of a 6-4 game.

New York (5-2) rested comfortably at the top in Ed Figueroa won twice. Doyle Alexander lost a no-hitter in the ninth inning of a 9-1 win over Boston and Thurman Munson batted .452. Munson's best performance was a four-hit, five-RBI job that helped rout Oakland 10-1.

Although Cleveland (5-3) won twice behind Jim Bibby, President Ted Bonta seemed to indicate he does not think that the Indians

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**REGGIE JACKSON:** Baltimore's DH had only eight hits during the week, but six were homers hit in consecutive games, tying an American League record held by four others. He also scored six runs and drove in 12.

can catch the Yankees. He suggested that, beginning next season, the playoffs be expanded to include wild-card teams.

Boston (11-6) lost Manager Darrell Johnson and its ninth game in 10 starts. General Manager Dick O'Connell said he decided to promote Coach Don Zimmer "to shake up the team." But after the Red Sox were bombed twice by New York, they were only a game out of last place.

Milwaukee drew close to Boston by sweeping three from Baltimore. It was a rare good showing for the Brewers within their division. They are 15-27 against Eastern teams this year and 25-23 against the West.

Detroit batters slugged four homers against Minnesota, but the Tigers (3-6) still lost 6-5. Mark Fidrych won his 11th, beating the Twins 8-3, but later was chased in the fifth inning by Cleveland.

NY 59-33 CLEV 45-45 BAL 46-47  
DET 43-48 BOS 42-50 MIL 40-50

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## A doctor resumes his practice

BOB MAGOON UNRETIRED TO WIN A RACE  
AS WACKY AS ANY M.A.S.H. EPISODE

**P**ity Jon Varese. Last week he towed a 38-foot, 8,000-pound boat from Florida to New Jersey in order to race in the 200-mile Benihana Grand Prix, and then his engines did not show up. But don't pity Varese any more than the other 65 entrants—most of them had to run in the race. As it did last year when Varese won by being in the only boat to finish, nothing went smoothly. Only survivors of an offshore powerboat race know what that means.

One who certainly does is Miami's Dr. Robert Magoon. U.S. champion in 1968 and 1970-73, who came out of retirement for the Benihana. "I love it out there," he said, at the same time revealing that

he has been strengthening his neck and back for his comeback by lifting 25-pound weights wrapped in Turkish towels with his teeth.

Magoon was at the wheel of Cam2 Motor Oil, a 40-foot Cigarette hull powered by two 492-cubic-inch MerCruiser engines. Beside him, at the throttle, stood racing-car entrepreneur Roger Penske and next to him Jay Signore, crew chief for Penske's cars. Their shoulders touched, but the terrible roar of 1,200 hp flooding the cockpit made sign language necessary: Magoon kept slapping Penske's hands to make him back off the throttle. The boat, yellow and blue and with the number 66 (the number of the Penske-owned car in which the late Mark Donohue won the Indianapolis 500 in 1972), skipped from the tops of waves like a four-ton flying fish. It looked smooth, but the stops were sudden.

Not long after the start, Magoon found himself thinking, "Only a few more hours." Never mind that he holds the boating record from Miami to New York—22:41:15—and next year hopes to set another (of about three days) crossing the Atlantic. He and Penske were discussing that project last spring, when Penske said he had a new boat at a test lake in Florida. Would the Doctor care for a warmup? As a result, there they were last Wednesday leading the largest field in U.S. offshore powerboat-racing history.

Suddenly, after 85 miles, the engines developed an odd sound. Penske killed them and Signore leaped to open the hatch. In 10 minutes he had replaced the belts that run the power steering and fuel injection systems. But Cam2 had fallen behind, and Magoon, his concentration interrupted, noticed that his neck ached from the calcium deposits the sport had given him.

It was a weird, difficult day, rough and foggy. Big waves are usually caused by wind, which in compensation sweeps the fog away. But now there were both waves and fog, and as the boats smashed down from five-foot crests and compasses swung wildly, the visibility was less than half a mile. With Magoon temporarily dead in the water, Preston Henn, in the 38-foot Bertram Sreaker, and Joel Hal-

pern, current point leader in U.S. offshore competition, in the 38-foot Cobra Beep Beep, had raced into the lead—only to miss a 16-foot-high buoy in the fog and spend 20 minutes searching for it again. At least four of the other boats darted wildly about the ocean, thoroughly lost. And no one seemed able to locate the sponsor of the race, Japanese restaurateur Rocky Aoki (51, March 1), in the 35-foot Cigarette named *Benihana*. Before the race Aoki had said, "It will be the first time in sports that a sponsor awards himself his own prize." Would the all-too-scrutable Aoki miss this opportunity to pat himself on the back? Maybe.

But *Benihana's* steering had gone sour at the start, and just past the halfway point its throttle box ceased functioning. Aoki's mechanic, Harold Smith, finally grabbed the throttle cables and tied them, keeping the engines running at near top speed. The result was that when *Benihana* took off from a wave, its engines raced dangerously close to their redlined limits, and when the boat smashed down into the water again the propellers had to absorb a tremendous shock.

An English boat, Michael Doxford's 35-foot Cigarette *Limit Up*, had lost its steering at the start, too, but cruising at 15-to-20 mph under top speed, Doxford managed to hold its compasses fairly steady on the complex course of overlapped rectangles and triangles on the rolling face of the Atlantic. The 1975 U.S. champion, 54-year-old Sandy Satullo, had no compasses to guide him; those on his 38-foot Bertram Copper Kettle were not working at all. There also was dirt in the fuel line and a header had fallen off an engine. But Satullo hung in, barely. That seemed to be the formula: keep plugging away if you possibly could because there was no telling how badly off the next guy was. He might even be sinking. Which was the fate of the 37-foot Signature Marine *Spirit of America* driven by Tom Adams. Shortly after the start the ocean began pouring through *Spirit's* defective outdrives, and it finished its race at the end of a Coast Guard towline with a portable water pump chugging away in the engine bay.

It came down to who would survive. Magoon, back in action, was fighting Sammy James in the 38-foot Bertram Whitaker Moppe for the lead as they raced around the checkpoint at Burnegat Light, 17 miles offshore, and headed northwest on the 27-mile leg to the Manasquan Sea Buoy. Neither would let up, neither could see where Manasquan was, and James sped two miles beyond the buoy before he realized, by elapsed time, that he had missed the checkpoint. He did a square reach—two minutes south, two minutes east, two north and two west—then a three-minute square; and finally, a four-minute square, on the third leg of which he found the buoy. The search had cost 28 minutes. Magoon, using a less scientific probe, came up lucky and spotted the marker.

Now Magoon and Penske headed due south on the 24-mile leg to the Burnegat Sea Buoy, two miles ahead of Billy Martin's 35-foot Cigarette Bounty Hunter II, which was coming on strong. Magoon, ever cautious, as befits an eye surgeon,

feared he had rounded the buoy from the wrong direction, so he doubled back. While he was doing this, Martin took the lead. But though Martin did not know it, his race was over. At Manasquan, confused in the fog and trying to make up lost time, he had arrowed through what looked like the cleared course opening behind the spectator fleet. It only looked that way. Though Martin was the first to cross the finish line he was disqualified for racing through the spectator area. Magoon and Penske, 17 minutes behind Martin with a time of 3:32, an average of 57.8 mph, were the victors.

James finished one minute later, then the careful Michael Doxford, in 3:42. But fittingly, the most dramatic finish of the day was provided by Rocky Aoki. Where was he, people had been asking. Rumors had swept through the spectator fleet and come crackling through radio receivers in the swarm of planes and helicopters above. "Benihana won!" "Benihana is lost!" "Benihana sank!" Then, suddenly appearing out of the fog like a banshee,

there was Aoki, heading toward the last checkpoint. Joel Halpern's *Beep Beep* hung on Benihana's tail.

As they rounded the marker buoy, Halpern pulled alongside. It looked like a neck-and-neck, 80-mph thriller down the final 8½ miles. But although *Beep Beep* was having steering trouble, Aoki's throttle controls were gone completely, and now one of the overstressed propeller blades broke. With its engines locked wide open, Benihana spun and landed almost on its side, but still Aoki would not slow down. Spectators closed their eyes. As *Beep Beep* pulled ahead, Aoki finally surrendered to the obvious. He would back off and fight another day, ashore, he challenged Halpern to race from Miami to New York for \$100,000.

Meanwhile, Roger Penske, limping, rubbing his hands, his back sore from slappings, his palms blistered, was saying that the race was much tougher than the Indianapolis 500: "Out there at least you go around the track once and you know what to expect."

END



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## In a game of stud poker

THE BIDDING WAS BRISK AND THE RAISES WEREN'T PENNY ANTE WHEN A SON OF SECRETARIAT WAS AUCTIONED OFF IN KENTUCKY FOR A RECORD \$1.5 MILLION

The day before his Secretariat colt was to go into the ring at Keeneland's blue-ribbon summer auction, Texan Nelson Bunker Hunt stood in the shade of barn 20 wolfing down a generous helping of orange-and-pineapple sherbet. Hunt is so rich that every time he enters Kentucky, Fort Knox automatically becomes the state's second-richest place. Last week, all around the sales pavilion the rumors about Hunt and his colt were as hot as the sultry bluegrass weather. For sure, went the whispers, the yearling sales world record of \$715,000 would be gone with the wind. And maybe, just maybe, this might be what the Kentucky breeders had dreamed about all their lives—a million-dollar colt.

"Oh, I don't know," said Hunt, as cool

as the sherbet in his plastic cup. "It's sorta like the owner's the last one to know. I can't tell what the colt will bring. I heard the odds in England were 7 to 2 that he won't bring a million."

As Hunt talked, a groom with the name of Hunt's Bluegrass Farm stitched on the back of his green coveralls led the colt out of his stall. He is the image of his famous daddy, the 1973 Triple Crown winner, with a copper coat gleaming like a new penny and splashes of white on his head and all four legs. For every horseman who tried to find flaws in the yearling's conformation—"He's sort of big and gross"—others pointed out that his mother, Charming Alibi, was also the dam of Dahlia, the world's leading money-winning mare.

As if to remind everyone what such breeding might produce, outside the barn were the three gold trophies Hunt's stable recently won in a seven-day span—Empery in the English Derby, Dahlia in the Hollywood Invitational and Youth in the French Derby.

"I thought about keeping this colt to race myself," said Hunt. "I'm more interested in racing than selling horses. But I've got so many, I've got to sell some. Otherwise, they get to be like the rabbits of Australia—they'll cover the earth. But he's a good horse and I might keep an interest in him. I understand that everybody and their uncle are trying to put together a syndicate to buy him—the Canadians, the Australians, the Europeans. I might just possibly take a part of a syndicate."

When Claiborne Farm's Seth Hancock syndicated Secretariat before his Triple Crown races in 1973, Hunt was offered the chance to buy one of the 32 shares that sold for \$190,000 each. "Yeah, but I was not smart enough to accept," said Hunt. "I had never seen Secretariat run and that sounded like pretty big money based on his 2-year-old year, so I declined the issue." However, after Secretariat proved a champion on the race-track, Hunt bought a breeding season from one of the syndicate members specifically for Charming Alibi.

As planned by Hancock, the original syndicate included only two commercial breeders. The others ostensibly would keep their sons and daughters of Secretariat to race. However, after all the inevitable deals were made, it became obvious that quite a few Secretariats would be put on the open market.

The race to sell the first at public auction ended in a dead heat last fall when breeders E. Barry Ryan and E. V. Benjamin put their two weanlings on the block at Keeneland (SI, Nov. 10, 1975). Ryan's filly, out of the mare Zest II, brought \$200,000; Benjamin's colt, out of Chou Croute, sold for a quarter of a million. That was a world record for a weaning, but only about half the price Benjamin expected.

Ever since, there has been considerable speculation about what Secretariat yearlings would bring. Besides Hunt's colt, six others were being offered at Keeneland—five fillies and a colt, which was part of the Tom Gentry consignment.

BUNKER HUNT SAYS HIS HORSES MULTIPLY LIKE RABBITS AND THE FLASHY COLT HAD TO GO





The Gentry colt had better conformation than the Hunt colt, some of the experts said, but the pedigree on his dam's side was considerably weaker, and he didn't have Secretariat's copper coat. "Wish he had his daddy's color," said Gentry. "Think I could spray him?" (Most of Secretariat's offspring closely resemble him, which is considered a good sign by horsemen. Stallions that pass on their looks often sire successful offspring.)

Partly because he had more selling to do, but mostly because he has a lot of P. T. Barnum in his soul, Tom Gentry turned his barn at Keeneland into a carnival. While Hunt's sales methods were limited to the traditional come-ons—a few modest signs and the gold trophies on the table—Gentry gave out pens, cigarette lighters, money clips, catalog covers and walking sticks. He dressed his Secretariat colt's grooms in blue-and-white striped caps and shirts emblazoned with the colt's hip number, 308. Walking around his barn in baggy plaid pants and brandishing one of his walking sticks, Gentry kept everyone amused except the purists who view Keeneland—and racing—as something sacrosanct.

"We've had more lookers than anybody else," said Gentry. "Tell me somebody who doesn't want to come by here and get some of this junk. Why, the other day Bunker sent his wife up to get one of my cigarette lighters." Gentry turned to a groom and shouted, "Bring out the big horse. Bring out the Secretariat." Then he turned back to his visitors, lowered his voice and said, "I yell that every few minutes 'cause I know everyone will stand around and see him. In the meantime, I run out every other colt in my barn while they're standing there waiting for the Secretariat. You think having a Secretariat hasn't helped my consignments?"

Despite his showmanship, Gentry was destined to get only \$275,000 for his colt—a modest profit on the \$220,000 he spent to buy the mare in foal. In fact, the market for Secretariats wasn't as lively as many expected.

On Monday night a Secretariat filly out of Windy's Daughter brought \$190,000—disappointing, many pedigree experts felt—and another Secretariat filly out of Spa II brought a poltry \$75,000. After both sales, the pavilion was so alive with chatter that Auctioneer Tom Cald-

well had to use his gavel to bring the well-heeled horsemen and their ladies to attention. In the bars, where many hang out to gossip and watch celebrities, people were saying, "If that's all the Secretariat fillies are bringing, how can Bunker Hunt expect to get a million with his colt?"

On Tuesday, Hunt was as serene as ever. When the first Secretariat offspring to be born—a filly out of My Card—sold for \$170,000 that afternoon, Hunt beamed. If the talk was to be believed, syndicates to buy his yearling were being formed and disbanded every five minutes. John Y. Brown Jr., the erstwhile fried-chicken magnate, told somebody he might be tempted to kick in a quarter of a million. Another syndicate supposedly included race driver A. J. Foyt. And with other people around like J. Paul Getty's daughter Jacqueline and the young millionaire Dan Lasater, well, who knew what to expect?

"The only way it'll be a million is if Bunker wants to make it a million," said one insider. "Hell, he's gotta be the richest man in the world, now that Getty and Hughes have died. He can go into a syndicate and make it a million easy, and I think that's what he'll do. Otherwise, why's he selling the colt?"

In business terms, the Hunt colt was worth \$1 million. The new owners, if they were Americans, could begin to write the colt off on their income tax immediately. U.S. horsemen can depreciate thoroughbreds at the rate of 20% per year. "It's just like buying a tractor," said one tax lawyer. At 8:47 p.m. Tuesday, with the sales pavilion overflowing with millionaires, reporters and curious horsemen, the Secretariat colt, Hip No. 279, was led in. Everyone leaned forward in the cushioned money-green seats to have a look. Bunker Hunt sat three rows away from the ring and listened while the yearling's pedigree was extolled.

The opening bid was \$500,000, and from there the price jumped quickly to \$600,000 and \$760,000—a new record. Then, with that small change out of the way, the big money rolled in. As the pavilion rang with the bid takers' cry of "Uuuuuuuupppppp" and Tom Caldwell's staccato chant, people squirmed and turned in their seats, trying to figure out who was doing the bidding.

When the tote board flashed the

figure \$1 million, the jittery crowd oooooooooohhhhhed and applauded. And they weren't through yet. The bidding climbed to \$1.1 million and then to \$1.45 million, where it hung momentarily. Caldwell begged for "a million and a half," "cause that's easy to say," and just when he was ready to bang the deal closed, a Canadian horseman named John Sikura nodded to the bid taker that his syndicate would make it \$1.5 million. Caldwell banged the deal shut. It had only taken five minutes to sell the unraced colt.

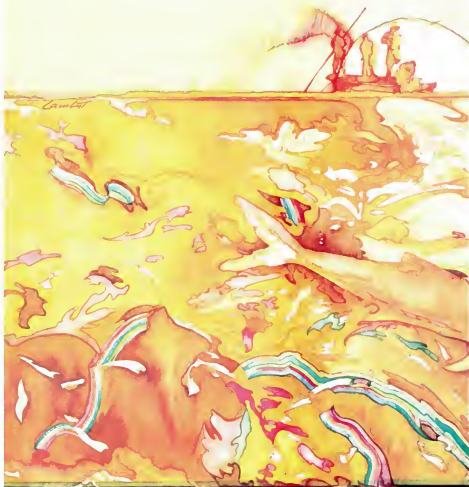
Bunker Hunt stood up, shook a few hands and began making his way toward the buyers. "That's quite a lot more than I expected, yes it is," he said.

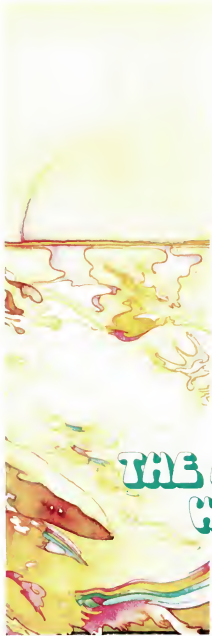
Outside the pavilion, Hunt and the buyers were mobbed. Sikura, the owner of Hill 'N' Dale Farm in Toronto, told reporters the syndicate consisted of himself, Toronto dentist Harold Potash and three brothers—Joe, Jack and Ted Burnett, who own Blue Meadow Farms in King Township, a Toronto suburb. Joe, 40, is a financier, while Jack, 31, is a developer and Ted, 29, a lawyer. The syndicate members made it quite plain that they would welcome Hunt into their partnership, and he is almost sure to join it. "Well, yes, I might take as much as \$500,000," Hunt said.

Underbidding on the colt was a Texas syndicate put together by Will Farish, which, indeed, included A. J. Foyt. "We were bidding on him to keep him racing in this country and to stand him at stud," said Farish. "We didn't think he'd bring that much money. We had a limit and went right to it."

The early indications were that the Canadians would put their million-dollar horse in the hands of Charlie Whittingham, who trains for Sikura and who trains Dablia for Hunt. The bald Whittingham seems to specialize in rich horseflesh. The last two years, yearlings that were auctioned for world records at Keeneland were sent to him. One, Kentucky Gold, has never won a race, while the other, Elegant Prince, hasn't even started. Both have physical problems that make their futures doubtful.

But in the afterglow of the record sale, Bunker Hunt didn't want to think about failure. "I hope this horse outdoes Man o' War's record and Secretariat's and all the rest," he said. Then he wandered off to buy and sell some more horses. **END**





If you're after bonefish on the Bahamas flats, top priority goes to hiring a good guide. The visiting anglers from England knew this and they had the best man on Andros Island, but the problem was how to keep Rudy in good spirits. The answer, they found, was to keep him full of sandwiches that are full of onions.

# CUTTING THE MUSTARD WITH RUDY

BY CLIVE GAMMON

CONTINUED



best bonefish guide on the island, we wanted to keep him happy and contented. So in the store at Nicolls Town, fortunately still open, Harris picked over the lettuce with the devotion of a Parisian housewife.

"Did he mention ketchup?" I asked anxiously.

"Get ketchup anyway," Harris told me. "And some of that cucumber pickle." His fishing bag filled steadily with canned meats, fruit, fine quality onions "I'll take a pound and a half of that baked ham," he instructed the girl.

We planned to turn in early, leaving the construction of Rudy's sandwiches until the last moment: even foil-wrapped in the refrigerator they could dry out a little. So while the others made the warm night raucous, swilling their planter's punch and stomping their feet to the steel band playing *Who Put de Pepper in de Vaseline?*, we asked for a 5 a.m. call and slipped away to our villa. Nothing was going to be left to chance. We might be traveling in the company of vulgarians but we didn't have to fish like them. Two of us at least would strive to uphold the honor of our country in this remote island—and on the evidence of the first

24 hours England's honor needed some shoring up.

Possibly there is something wrong with the very concept of a fishing package tour. Maybe fishing is something to be done in private or only among friends. But more than 20 of us had caroused our way across the Atlantic from London to Nassau and we were a far from homogenous group: there was a handful of anglers who had actually paid, there were men from a tackle company that had sponsored a fishing contest throughout the British Isles and there were the prize-winners. It was easy to tell those in the latter two groups. They wore brilliant red golf caps, decorated with the company's name, which had been ceremonially handed out at Heathrow Airport. Some wore the caps with pride, some uneasily, but they wore them all the time. They wore them to be photographed getting on the plane and getting off. They probably slept in them.

Some of the Red Caps had landed fish that would be honored anywhere in the world, like the 19-pound, four-ounce brown trout Tom Chartres caught in Lower Lough Erne in Northern Ireland. Other prize-winners were more difficult to assess, like the new British record cuckoo ray of five pounds, three ounces. The cuckoo ray, while interesting and

**T**he sea was milky smooth, as on the first day of creation. The virginal beaches gleamed in the early sun and the cays were a string of pearls. Only the voice of Rudolph Knowles, quivering with outrage, broke the silence: "No onion! No bit of lettuce! How d'ye expect a man to work all day widout no bit of onion to brang de gas up?" He sent the inadequate bologna sandwich skimming far out across the bonefish flats.

This was why Brian Harris and I found ourselves tearing along the dusty roads of Andros Island on rented bicycles later that day. Clearly, without no onion, without no bit of lettuce, Rudy Knowles could not give his best. And having plotted and conspired our way into hiring the



even rather pretty, is not one of the world's great sport fish and, in fact, Britain is somewhat short of species in that category. We have fine Atlantic salmon and trout but other than that in freshwater we are limited mainly to carp-famly species. And in saltwater, though there are some sporting lightweights, there have been virtually no world-class big fish since the bluefin tuna deserted the North Sea. So it is in the light of this underprivileged angling background that you should view the reaction of Peter Peck, a red-cap wearer, when he arrived at the Andros Beach Hotel and was told that a big hammerhead shark, 600 or 700 pounds, had just cleared the beach of swimmers.

Peck, a short, plump man with a striking resemblance to Burl Ives, snatched up a rod and reel and hastened to the jetty. Shortly, the shark swam into view, traveled past Peck and then commenced to patrol up and down the shoreline. What Peck had grabbed was a 15-pound class outfit. He tied on some wire and an 8/0 hook, the biggest he had, and threaded on a bunch of small needlefish left lying on the jetty by some children. He pulled off about 50 yards of line and coiled it on the sand. Then he cut himself a forked stick, laid the bait over it and the next time the shark swam by he catapulted the dozen needlefish attached to his wispy line into its path. He gave the needlefish a couple of twitches, the shark sucked them in and Peck realized what he'd done. "I gave it a good jerk," Peck said proudly in the bar later, "and off it went. But I didn't seem to make any impression on it."

This did not prevent hopeful Red Caps from besieging the jetty night after night from then on, giving it a very fishy reek that caused comment from other guests. But at least Peck was aiming high. For others in the party, the angling culture gap was even harder to bridge—for Roy Marlow, for example, a "matchman" in English fishing jargon. In the Midlands and north of England, the quality of sport is low. The sluggish rivers yield quantities of small coarse fish but not much else. So more than a century ago, to make it interesting, anglers started to bet on their catches. Now, the skills are so sophisticated that match fishing is almost a separate sport—tiny, size 20 hooks and

one-pound-test lines predominate. Bookies set up their stands at important meets. At a single event, somebody as good as Marlow can make up to \$1,500. But fishing like this does leave you a little set in your angling ways.

Nobody in the Bahamas had seen any-one fish like Marlow. From a boat anchored over the shallow reef he crumbled chocolate chip cookies, the nearest he could get to the finely ground cereal used as chum in English match fishing. Then Marlow went into action. He used a fine, 14-foot wand of a rod, and his bait—the tiniest sliver of fish flesh—was suspended under a thin porcupine quill float, a single split-shot as a sinker. That night Marlow brought to the hotel two of the smallest jacks ever seen on Andros Island. "Permit," he said proudly. "Isn't that what they call them? I looked them up in a book."

What can you do with people like that? We were ashamed of them, just as a city sophisticate is ashamed of his hairy old grandfather up from the country, invading a lunch party, chewing tobacco and making snuffling noises. But there was one consolation: not many of the Red Caps seemed interested in bonefish. All they wanted to do was head out to the open sea in one of the two big sport-fishermen, trolling for anything they could get, preferably fish as large and as highly colored as possible that would do some hopping out of the ocean before being subdued by the heavy artillery outfits the boats carried for customers such as these.

We knew that this would happen even before leaving England. The deal was that each man got a share of days on the flats for bonefish and also was assured time on the deep-sea boats. But nobody seemed to want his bonefish tickets when the tour leader began handing them out. In minutes, Harris and I had traded our meat-boat vouchers for extra days of bonefishing. We were well pleased, especially after I secured the services of Rudy Knowles. Before we even left London I had been told Knowles was the man to have.

On our first full day, then, Harris and I had slipped away early, heading for Lowe Sound on the northern tip of Andros, the village where Rudy Knowles was No. 1 guide and also king, rattling

out orders to the other men. In Ireland they'd call him the gombeen man—the fellow whom most people owed a little money to, who held the real power. In County Cork he'd most likely operate the village pub. Rudy fixes outboards and he obviously doesn't operate by extending credit because a sign on his workshop read, "No carry away engines before pay." Next to him in the hierarchy is Lanky. "He is No. 2," Rudy said, patronizingly but kindly. Other Lowe Sound guides, the rank and file, might sneak some of Rudy's gas sometimes, or poach his live welk filled with crabs which he keeps anchored out in the bay, but Lanky would never do that.

It was possible to learn all of this in the few minutes it took Rudy to gas up his boat, just by hanging around the graveyard of wrecked and cannibalized autos that surrounded the village. Rudy flung some high-pitched formal abuse at his colleagues, and long before the other reluctant bonefish-card-holders arrived from the hotel to be taken out by lesser guides, we were thrashing our way out toward the Joulfers Cays, mist blue on the horizon.

Rudy in action was impressive and brilliant, his eager eyes flickering over the water, his grin splitting open to show a ruined mouthful of teeth a second before the joyful call. "Ho, look at dem bones. Oh, oh, dem is big bonefish. Hush now, hush now." You knew that he was as excited to see them as when he first took a boat onto the flats as a boy. He is a great guide because he has never gotten over the miracle of the bonefish schools twinkling through the shallows. For a leisure pursuit, or after church on Sunday, if he has no client, he takes his wife bonefishing.

This first day, though, there was little pleasurable fishing. Before lunchtime, clouds had begun to bundle in from the west. The wind picked up, making it impossible to see fish, and thunder rumbled. "My mammy was killed by lightning" out on his boat," Rudy said plaintively. We could see the black squall-line on its way and we started for home, running hard. The cold rain caught us half a mile from the pier. "Soon be gone," said Rudy as we dripped and shivered in the back of his car. "We'll find de bones tomorrow."

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That evening we had to repel a determined attempt to wrest Rudy from us, at least for part of the week. The squalls that had merely drenched us had provided a severe testing offshore for the Red Caps on the big boats. Nobody had told them that the Tongue of the Ocean could be as hard and unforgiving as the cold North Sea, and a skiff sliding about the flats must have suddenly become a very attractive proposition. Several sea-going types moved in on us at the bar before dinner, heartily urging technicolored drinks upon us.

"No thank you," Harris said puritanically. "I find a single lager quite sufficient before dinner on a fishing trip." I, too, shook my head severely. A small, plump Red Cap, who owned a pub in Birmingham and who had sat close to Harris on the plane and watched him fuel himself across the Atlantic on gallons of martinis, looked incredulous but returned to the attack.

"Everybody is saying you are spending the whole time on the flats. Is that true?"

"Yes, that is correct," said Harris, permitting himself a tiny sip of beer. "We are here simply for the bonefish."

"It's just, uh, that the skipper we were out with today says that bonefish make the finest trolling bait for marlin, and some of us were just wondering if you'd like to go to sea tomorrow so that we could, uh, get some bait on the flats."

"That isn't possible, I'm afraid," said Harris, concealing with difficulty the turbulent emotion he felt at hearing bonefish referred to as bait. "And I'm afraid also that we cannot bring you any. Ours are all returned alive and well to the sea."

"You've gone too far," I muttered to him as the rebuffed Red Caps withdrew to the far end of the bar to console themselves with concoctions of white rum and coconut milk. "They'll be going to the tour leader and complaining that they

were conned out of their bonefish tickets before they knew the real score."

"Not they," Harris told me confidently. "But the atmosphere is a little chilly here. I think we'll go back to the villa for a while. Did you remember to put the gin in the chilling compartment?"

Thus, on Day Two, when Rudy's dissatisfaction with his sandwiches was revealed, we knew we had a problem. A disgruntled Rudy would be easy prey for the Red Caps, and now that we had seen the quality of the bonefishing we didn't want to lose any of it. The morning had been a

ply such dry, onionless, unfulfilling sandwiches. And suddenly both Harris and I realized that the King suspected the two of us were responsible. Cutting costs, maybe, by having sandwiches made up somewhere else. We couldn't have him thinking that.

So on Morning Three at 5:30 a.m. Harris cut and I buttered. The production line was set up for ham, mustard, pickle, lettuce and a double garnish of onion. "We forgot mayonnaise," Harris said suddenly. There was no way of getting around that. We were just going to have to hope that Rudy would be big enough to overlook its absence. And in any case our cab was honking outside.

We'd already figured that investing in a cab ride was a good idea. Otherwise it meant waiting around for the package-tour van, waiting around, indeed, until the ancient, nutcracker-jawed, fragile chairman of the board of the tackle firm tottered out last of all from the hotel, his red cap set at a grotesquely jaunty angle on his head. Coughing and grunting, he'd allow himself to be

dragged up into the front seat. Then he'd look around querulously, as if it were he who had been kept waiting, and sharply order the driver to move off. He was a man who, as he frequently

reminded us, would have been happier spring salmon fishing on the company stretch of the Tweed. The bus would then proceed to Morgans Bluff, where the meat fishermen were dropped off, and on to Lowe Sound, eventually wheezing up to the bonefishermen's dock at 9:30 a.m., even 10 o'clock. Harris and I reckoned on being into our seventh or eighth bonefish by then. One morning on the bus had been enough for us.

And on this particular day we couldn't wait until lunchtime before finding out how Rudy appreciated our handwork in the kitchen. We were still motoring north in the skiff when Harris fished the sandwiches out of his pock. "These, uh, may be a little better, Rudy," he said, unwrapping one.



good one. We had hit school after school of fish, taking two or three out of each. A half mile south of us we could see three other bonefish skiffs clustered in a half-circle. "Dey is mudfishin'," said Rudy contemptuously. "Dey find de place where de bones is stirrin' de mud, den dey sits around fishin' into it. Rudolph don't do no mudfishin'. You want mudfishin', you go and fish with Lanky. He only No. 2. He don't mind mudfishin'. But I goes only for fish I see." Urgently we reassured him that we were not mudfishermen. If bonefish rose to the dry fly, we implied, we'd fish nothing but imitations of the natural insect. Not long after that the sandwich trouble developed.

In our short acquaintance, Rudy had not proved to be a difficult man. As King of Lowe Sound, though, he was accustomed to certain standards. It was not usual, we learned, for the hotel to sup-

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"Den' have no breakfast dis mornin' with you men comin' down so early," Rudy said. "I'll try one straightaway."

We watched him like middle-aged ladies on whom the bishop has suddenly dropped in to tea. He took a bite and held out the sandwich at arm's length. "No mayonnaise," he said. We held our breath and waited. "But good." We breathed again. "Man can go catch bonefish on dis sandwich," he told us graciously. "You bring Rudy a lunch like dis every mornin', you gonn' catch big bonefish," he added good-naturedly. "Jus' a li'l less mustard next time, and give dem a touch of de mayonnaise." We nodded eagerly. Now we could concentrate on the fishing.

Rudy ran the boat far out to the north of the line of cays. He had no trouble finding a school, nor tracking it till it settled. Then he went into his drill-sergeant routine: "Hol dit! Hol dit! now throw. Now you!" The crab baits whizzed through the air and plopped in ahead of the winking silver cloud in the water that was a regiment of bones. "Now hol dit, hol dit! all right!" Then disgustedly. "Take 'em in!" The school had changed course and missed the baits. It didn't happen like that often, though. It was a great bonefish morning. Again and again our reel drags would scream. Again and again Rudy slipped the landing net under a sharp-nosed four- or five-pounder. For Andros waters, where bones run to numbers rather than high individual size, this was fine fishing. Then I struck into what was clearly the biggest bone we'd encountered on the trip.

The drag of the spinning reel sang out happily again. It was a beautiful little reel with the smoothest clutch I've encountered, designed for the match fishing I've spoken of, meant for very light line, with a retrieve ratio of over 5 to 1. It had been built by the tackle firm whose red caps Harris and I were not wearing, though we had been gracious enough to allow the executives to present us with a reel apiece.

But now something odd occurred. The reel had been buzzing out line, but suddenly nothing seemed to be happening. The fish was still on and the rod was

bent over and straining but there was no longer any buzz.

Who looks down at his reel when he's playing a fish? It took me a good 10 seconds to realize that the click, which causes the buzz when the clutch is yielding line, had simply stopped operating. The line was still sizzling out. I had to play the fish, alternately glancing down to check the line and looking up to see its angle and the location of the bone. But in the end I had a good eight-pounder, a fine fish for the Jousters. "Ain't you de lucky li'l man?" Rudy said grinning. I was too proud of the fish to resent the slur on my 5' 10 1/2", and I was also thinking of the pleasant moment when I would hand the reel over to the chairman of the board that evening. Preferably at the big dinner table. "Your reel collapsed on me today," I'd tell him.

Lunch followed and it was soon apparent Rudy clearly approved of us enough to suggest a change of fishing. "You want to try for de permit?" he asked. "I has big permit in here." It seemed natural for Rudy to refer to these cays as if they were his private game reserve, and we were ready to follow him anywhere. First, though, we had to get hold of some fresh bait. "Permit den' want dem li'l bitty bonefish crabs," Rudy said. "Le's get some bug, fightin' fellas for 'em."

Rudolph is one of nature's great predators. You had only to watch him crabbing to see that. He split open one of the bonefish—Rudy insisted on keeping the fish to feed his numerous children—so that the blood ran, then dropped it into the water. He pushed the skull a little way and stood poised on his thin heron's legs, with the landing net. Two, three minutes passed. Then, ambulating along the sand came a fine crab, a big green beauty. The net flashed briefly. Rudy scooped it up and the crab was soon rattling its claws in the white plastic bottle punched with small holes that Rudy used as a live-bait container.

Now more crabs marched toward the bonefish, blindly homing in on the blood. "All right, dat's enough," Rudy pronounced, hopping into the boat again. We made off toward a deeper section of the flats where the water looked brown and where the seabed was a more varied pattern of color. We had gone about two



miles when Rudy stopped the engine and started to pole. Like the best guides, he calmed the waiting period. "Oh, yes, mon, I've had fine permit in dis place," he told us. "Seventy pounds, 80 pounds permit."

"Wouldn't that be a world record?" I asked.

"I don't know 'bout world record, mon," Rudy chuckled. "I just gets 'em, I got license to kill!" This tickled him so much that he came close to sliding off the poling platform. "When I get you dis permit you goin' to be one hour, two hour killin' him! I not lettin' you use no stickin' spear!"

By the greatest of good fortune, though, we saw no permit that afternoon. If we had, Rudy would have had to haul up the plastic bottle from the water and take a crab out. And there were no crabs, only a gaping rent we discovered in the container when we came back in. For the first time all week, Rudy looked a little taken aback. "Who put dat hole dere?" he asked fiercely, trying to apportion the blame elsewhere. "One of dem ol' sand shark musta hit it," he said eventually. "Or de blade of de motor nemmarie, dat. You come tomorrow and ol' Rudy goin' to show you somethin' different. You don't forget—just a li'l touch of mayonnaise."

So it was off to the shop again, but once the mayonnaise was secured we thought it appropriate to put in an appearance at the bar. It would be educational for those Red Caps to hear a firsthand account of the capture of a big bonefish. But they didn't seem to appreciate their luck when the tale was told.

"Eight pounds? Was that the best you could do?" asked a Scot who had not only chosen a Yellow Bird to drink but kept his red cap on while he was doing so. "I got a 30-pounder today."

"A 30-pound bonefish?" I asked incredulously.

"You mean those little silver fish? Nae, nae, one of the big fellers Barracuda."

Harris and I looked at one another and smiled. What could you do with people like that? "As a matter of fact," said Harris, "anglers don't generally bother with barracuda out there on the flats. They aren't exactly—well, they aren't quite what people go for, you see."

The Scot looked at him as if he was

half-witted. "They're fish, aren't they?" he said. "And they're bonny fish. Big, ugly fighters!" He was clearly applying the kind of sporting standards he had picked up at Ibrox Stadium, Glasgow, at the annual bottle-throwing fiesta that the press mistakenly reports as a soccer match between Rangers and Celtic. There was simply nothing to say to a man like that. Barracuda, indeed.

I never was able to confront the chairman of the board with the failure of his reel. Our put-down of the Scot had put me in such an expansive mood that the chairman and I had a pleasant drink together. Not a bad sort, after all.

Back at the villa, we speculated on the nature of the treat that Rudy had promised us. Would it perhaps be tarpon in the channels? Extra big bonefish? A secret permit hideaway?

He was waiting for us in the early morning sun at Lowe Sound. "Today," he said, "I'm goin' give you license to kill!" He opened up his tackle box, revealing a tangle of wire leaders and long, silver spoons. "I'm takin' you 'cuda fishin'!" My daddy love to eat dem fish!

Neither Harris nor I knew how to respond. Fishing snobism decreed that you never went after barracuda on the flats. Yet here was the King of Lowe Sound actually recommending it. We could only go along with him.

This time, instead of heading out to the distant, gleaming flats we kept close to the shore, threading between islands until Rudy cut the motor and we drifted into a shadowed, dark green cut beneath overhanging palms, and Rudy began to pole ruminatively.

Our hearts not in it, Harris and I rigged our spinning outfits and rummaged in the box for spoons. This deep, dank hole was evidently the spot where the coarse, mindless 'cuda lived. Lazily I stood up and plopped my spoon into dark water and started to retrieve.

"Hey, what you doin', mon?" Rudy yelled. "I tol' you, din't? No mudfishin'! No fishin' blind! You go with Lanky if you want blind fishin'! You jus' hol' your patience a minute!"

Chastened, I reeled in. Rudy continued to pole gently, easing out farther from shore until we could see the line where the deep water shelved off, the bottle green suddenly giving way to pale gold.

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"You keep lookin' now," Rudy told us.

Naturally, though, it was Rudy who first saw the fish, and after a second or two Harris and I could make it out as well, a dark log-shape hanging slightly uplited in the water the way a northern pike hangs in hot weather. "All right," said Rudy. "Now bring it right across his bows!"

The two spoons whistled out and splashed into the water a couple of feet apart. Exposed to this class of sport, Harris and I were already exhibiting the fishing manners of Red Caps. But there was no time for recriminations. As the flickering spoons crossed its path, the barracuda accelerated like a Ferrari and hit—mine? Harris? Somehow or other we were both into fish, and they were running wild, demonically screaming out line as Harris and I lurched about in the skiff, bumping and jostling each other, trying to cross over and get the lines apart. "Jump out and play yours!" I yelled at Harris and so help me he nearly did, into six feet of water. "Dis other feller, he come out from nowhere when he see de flash of dem spoons," Rudy explained as well as he could through gurgling, manic laughter.

We finally brought both fish to the boat, Rudy warbling out his "license to kill" line and working them over with gaff and club, and then we were sitting down, panting. Who was the slender-moaning idiot who said that barracuda were dead-beated? On the flats they fought like tigers, alternating leaps and long violent runs. They went between 15 and 25 pounds, and even though you couldn't pretend that they showed caution or had to be stalked, on eight-pound spinning outfits they were formidable. We caught them through the morning and deep into the afternoon. We didn't beat the 30-pounder the Scot had taken but we had set up a very high score. "Tomorrow," Rudy said as we tied up at the jetty, "we gon' look for pomt again."

Sadly, that was impossible. Package anglers cannot dictate the times of their comings and goings, and next day we had to leave. It wasn't until we were back at the hotel that I discovered why Rudy was giggling uncontrollably as we drove off

There, laughter by my fellow guests caused me to peel off my T shirt and read what Rudy had written across it in lipstick while I had been working a 'cuda: "Bahama woman kiss this man so much his lips blister." I'd suffered a good deal, of course, from the intensity of the sun on the flats.

After a shower and a change of clothes, though, I felt ready to face the Red Caps. "Hit a lot of 'cuds today," I nonchalantly told the Scot. "We must have had 25, 30 fish. Would you care for a Yellow Bird?" There's such a thing as rubbing too much salt into a wound.

"Oh, barracuda," he said, as if recollecting some long-past phenomenon. "I thought you didn't set much store by them? Thank you, I'll take a Yellow Bird and my friends will have Goombay Smashes."

"Well, uh, we found that if you fish for them properly, in shallow water, they perform quite adequately," I said.

But the Red Cap didn't seem to be listening carefully. "The lads," he said, "are certainly pleased they held onto their deep-sea tickets."

"Plenty of barracuda, hey?" I asked jovially.

"Barracuda?" he said. "No, I don't think we had many of them. I had a wachaical 'em? Wahoo? Sixty-something pounds. Most of us had wahoo. Terry caught a white marlin, but we couldna really get down to the marlin fishing because of the tuna. Allison tuna. They were about 60 or 70 pounds and we couldna settle to the marlin at all. Would you mind if I took my drink down to the jetty? They want to photograph us with the catch." He settled his red cap on firmly and left us.

Unhappily for fishing snobs, there is no way to photograph finess, discrimination and delicacy of approach. Alone in the bar, Harris and I felt free to order ourselves large martinis. The flying time from Nassau to London would be something like seven hours. That was going to be ample for a brainwashing session, for the reassertion of our angling superiority. We thought about it for a while but nothing constructive came until we were into the second martinis.

"Tomorrow morning, we'll start," said Harris, "by asking them why they hadn't released all those fish."

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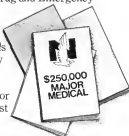
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9:40 a.m.	11:30 a.m.		6:15 a.m.	8:10 a.m.	
*10:55 a.m.	11:51 a.m.		* 8:00 a.m.	8:57 a.m.	Breakfast
*11:50 a.m.	12:45 p.m.	Snack	*10:25 a.m.	11:18 a.m.	
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1:40 p.m.	3:25 p.m.		10:50 a.m.	12:18 p.m.	
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6:59 p.m.	8:53 p.m.		4:05 p.m.	5:35 p.m.	
* 7:45 p.m.	8:31 p.m.		* 5:00 p.m.	5:58 p.m.	Wine Basket
9:20 p.m.	11:10 p.m.		* 6:00 p.m.	6:55 p.m.	Wine Basket
* 9:55 p.m.	11:47 p.m.		* 6:55 p.m.	7:48 p.m.	

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## FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 18-25

**BOATING**—BOB MAGDOON completed the 200-mile Bembra Grand Prix offshore race at Point Pleasant, N.J. in 3:53, taking 17 minutes more than Billy Martin, but winning the event when Martin was disqualified for having run through the spectator fleet (page 52)

**BOXING**—JOSE (Pipino) CUEVAS of Mexico scored a 10th-round TKO over defending champion Angel Goda of Puerto Rico to win the WBA, welterweight title in Mexico, Mexico.

**FOOTBALL**—The PITTSBURGH STEELERS defeated the College All-Stars 24-9 on Chicago's Soldier Field in a game microfilm called by rust with 1:22 left in the third period.

Jon Keyworth scored a touchdown and Jim Turner added a 47-yard field goal to give the DENVER BRONCOS a 10-7 victory over the Detroit Lions in the NFL Hall of Fame game in Canton, Ohio.

**GOLF**—JERRY PATE fired a course-record single-round 63 at the Essex Golf and Country Club in Windsor, Ontario to win the \$200,000 Canadian Open with a 13-under-par 267. Runner-up Jack Nicklaus was four strokes back.

**HORSE RACING**—**FOREGO** (\$3.48) ridden by Nicholas Cummings, became the second horse in history to capture three Blackfriars Handicaps when he completed the 1½-mile, \$113,180 race at Aqueduct in 2001, beating Lord Rebbeu by two lengths. Foolish Pleasure was third.

**OLYMPIC GAMES—CYCLING:** The 1,000-meter time trial was won by **KLAUS GRUNKE** of East Germany. **ANTON TRAC** of Czechoslovakia won the sprint gold medal and **GREGOR BRAUN** of West Germany captured the 4,000-meter pursuit event. **WEST GERMANY** was 30th in the men's podium.

**DIVING:** PHIL BOGGS and JENNI CHANDLER of the U.S., won the three-meter springboard events, and ELENA VAYTSERKHOVSKAYA of the U.S.S.R. took the women's 10-meter platform gold (page 76).

**EQUESTRIAN EVENTS** The UNITED STATES won the team gold for the first time since 1948. WEST GERMANY took the silver, AUSTRALIA the bronze. TAD COFFIN was the first American ever to win the individual gold, with MIKE PLUMB of the U.S. taking the silver and KARL SCHULTZ of West Germany the bronze.

**FENCING** The U.S.S.R. swept all three medals in the sabre, with VICTOR KROVOPUSKOV taking the gold. The men's foil was won by FABIO DAL ZOTTO of

Italy and ALEXANDER PUSCH of West Germany took the free. The women's foil was won by ILDIKO SCHWARCZENBERGER of Hungary.

**GYMNASTICS.** The men's all-round was won by NIKOLAI ANDRIANOV of the U.S.S.R. SAWAO KATO and MITSUO TSUKAHARA of Japan finished second and third. NADIA COMANECI took the women's all-round gold. NELLI KIM and LUDMILA IL'YUSHCHEVA, both of the U.S.S.R., the silver and bronze (page 10).

MODERN PENTATHLON GREAT BRITAIN won the team gold medal. CZECHOSLOVAKIA the silver and HUNGARY the bronze. The individual gold went to Poland's JANUSZ PYCIAK-PECIAR, silver to PAVEL LEDNEV of the U.S.S.R. and bronze to JAN RABT of Czechoslovakia.

**ROWING:** The men's team from EAST GERMANY won five events—on four with coxswain pairs with and without coxswain, quadruple sculls and eight—leaving the single scull gold to FINLAND and double scull to NORWAY. The women of EAST GERMANY triumphed in four with coxswain, quadruple sculls, eight and single scull. BULGARIAN women won the double scull gold and pairs without coxswain.

**SHOOTING** KARL HEINZ SMIESZKE of West Germany won the small bore rifle prone position gold, equalling the world record by scoring 599 of a possible 600. DON HALDEMAN of the U.S. won the trap-shooting gold and LARRY BASSHAM and MARGARET M. RIDOCK, both of the U.S., placed one-two in the small-bore rifle, three-position event (page J11). NORBERT KLAAR of East Germany was first in rapid-fire pistol. ALEXANDER GAZDZ of the U.S.S.R. took the running game target gold and JOSEF PANACEK of Czechoslovakia the job prize in skeet.

**SWIMMING:** UNITED STATES men won 12 out of 13 possible golds and set 10 world records while the women from EAST GERMANY captured 11 out of a possible 13 and set seven world records (Agnie M).

TRACK & FIELD: SEAC WILKINS and EDWIN MOSES scored the first U.S. victories with a 221-37 defeat (throw) and a world-record 47-64 in the 400-meter hurdles (page 28). DANIEL BALTIMA, of Mexico, won the 20-km walk in 1:24:40.5. HASELY CRAWFORD, of Trinidad, took the 100 meters in 10:06. Carlos ALBERTO HUANTORENA sped to a world-record 1:43.50 in the 800, and UDO BEYER of East Germany got the shot the farthest, 99 ft. ANNIEKEE RIGTER of

West Germany won the 100 metres in 11.08 after setting a world record of 11.04 in a semifinal. RUTH FUCHS of East Germany threw the javelin 216'4" for a gold, and her teammate ANGELA VOIGT took the long jump with a 22'16" leap.

**WEIGHT LIFTING:** NORAIR NURIKYAN of Bulgaria won the bantamweight championship. NIKOLAI KOLLESNIKOV of the U.S.S.R. the featherweight. ZBIGNIEW KACZMAREK of Poland was first in the light weight. YORDAN MIHEV of Bulgaria in the middleweight. VALERY SHARY of the U.S.S.R. in the light heavyweight. David Ragan of the U.S.S.R. in the middle heavyweight.

**WRESTLING.** The U.S.S.R. made the biggest medal sweep ever in Greco-Roman events, winning seven plus two silvers and a bronze in the 10 weight classes.

**TENNIS—WTT** Though their four-match winning streak was stopped by Los Angeles 27-26, the New York Nets retained the Eastern Division lead and had two victories over Cleveland, 30-19 and 25-18. The Nets climbed into second place by winning two matches, 25-24 over Los Angeles and 28-27 over San Diego while Indiana, with low losses during the week, fell back to third. In the West division, leader Phoenix kept on winning, routing Pittsburgh 31-21, but since Chris Evert beat Evonne Goolbsong 6-4, The Racquets then defeated Boston 29-25 and Indiana 29-19.

**RETIRED NICK BUONICONTI**, 35, Miami Dolphins middle linebacker after a 14-year pro career that began with the Brown Patriots in the old American Football League.

**DIED EARLE COMBS**, 47, centerfielder and lead-off Yankee in the famed "Murderers' Row" that featured Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, after a long illness, in Richmond, Ky. Combs had a .325 lifetime average and was a member of the Hall of Fame.

## CREDITS

16—George Hanson 17—Dispersed by Arnold Roth 18—  
 19—Clockwise from lower left: James Davis; Walter  
 Iosad 21—Hans Kluemper (top left) Tony Troilo Hans  
 Kluemper Neil Lerner James Davis Tony Troilo 22—  
 Walter Iosad 23—Hans Kluemper 16 24—Jerry  
 Coles 16 19—Hans Kluemper (top) Walter Iosad  
 11—Hans Kluemper 16 25—Hans Kluemper 22—  
 Hans Kluemper James Davis 23—Neil Lerner 24—  
 Neil Lerner 25—Neil Lerner 26—Tony Troilo  
 James Davis Hans Kluemper 27—Hans Kluemper  
 28—Neil Lerner 29—James Glavin 30—Eric  
 Schoenberg 31—Rudolf W. 32—George A. M.  
 (lower left) (lower right)

## FACES IN THE CROWD



WILLIAM ANDERSON  
JAMES NIXON

At the National AAU Masters Track and Field championships in Gresham, Ore., Dr. Andberg, a 65-year-old veterinarian, set two age-group world records with a 4:59.14 1,500 meters and an 18:33 5,000. He also won the 800 and 10,000 meters.



**CHERYL JOHNSTON**  
Nurse Practitioner

A 14-year-old freshman spiker Cheryl was selected most valuable player of the AAU Volleyball Junior Olympics in Lombard, Ill. after pacing her Orange County Club teammates to the girls' 14-and-under national championship.



KEVIN THIESSEN  
Lecturer, B.A.S.

At a hometown AAU meet, eighth-grader Kevin broke his own seasonal age-group (12 and 13) record with a 13' 2" pole vault and has state 70-yard low-hurdle record with an 8.7. He also holds the state triple-jump record of 40' 10 1/2".



**ERIC DUTT**  
Lead Analyst, R

At 17 Eric is the youngest golfer ever to win the Nevada amateur. He shot a 6-over-par 221 in the 54-hole event played at three Las Vegas courses. To tie three others, then took the sudden-death playoff with a par on the 4th hole.



SEN WILLIAMS  
WILLIAMS, SEN.

For the third year in a row, Ken, a Tower Hill School senior, won three firsts at the State Group II high school track championships. On the rain-soaked oval he ran the 100 meters in 10.8, the 200 in 22.3 and the 110 high hurdles in 14.6.



**SOBERLAND**  
Cape Cod, Inc.

Regional Junior Olympic judo champ for four consecutive years. Bob, a Mariner High sophomore, took first place in the 14-year-old lightweight division at the AAU-USJF Nationals held in Edison, N.J.—his third USJF title in five years.

## SILVER LINING

Sir

Frank Deford's article (*More Dark Clouds Over Montreal*, July 19) underscores your high standard of journalism. If the parties involved in the Olympic disputes could, or would, view the issues as clearly as Deford has presented them, the future of the Games would surely be brighter.

THOMAS K. PATTON  
Jacksonville

Sir

It seems unlikely that the U.S. would ever withdraw from the Olympics because a matter of principle outweighed other concerns. But for the 1980 Games in Moscow, perhaps we ought to consider an alternative, should a Taiwan-Canada-type problem arise. Wearing whatever uniforms seems appropriate, let's be the first country to voluntarily march in the opening ceremony under the IOC flag. Perhaps the idea will catch on.

GREGG MEYERS  
Byron, Minn.

## TOM YAWKEY

Sir

I deeply regret that your July 19 issue contained only a paragraph in *FOR THE RECORD* on the death of a great person and baseball authority, Thomas Austin Yawkey. I realize that space is limited but Tom Yawkey deserved more. We loved him here in New England, and if ever a Hall of Great Human Beings is developed Mr. Yawkey should be the first one in it.

PALL BELLOFATTO  
Branford, Mass.

## OFF BASE

Sir

It is always interesting to read articles about little-known records such as Steve Weitzman's *Larceny Is Not in His Heart* (July 19) on Earl Williams breaking the mark for not stealing bases. But did he? The article states that Dick Stuart batted 3,408 consecutive times before stealing a base and, if this is true, then Stuart, not Williams, should be the holder of this somewhat dubious record since Williams has only 2,520 at bats. Perhaps you meant that the record should belong to a player who has not stolen a base at all in his career. In this case, should Williams steal a base before he retires, the record would revert to Russ Nixon, thus calming his state of shock.

AL YELLON  
Hamilton, N.Y.

## 20-20 VISION

Sir

Barbara Henckel may have "a great eye" as you say (*LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER*, July

19), but someone in your organization could use a little help with his or hers.

Scott May was erroneously identified as a basketball star from North Carolina. Thousands of Hoosiers are surely having palpitations over this bit of misinformation. I'm sure North Carolina would have been delighted to have had Mr. May, but nevertheless, he did play for Indiana, the current NCAA champions.

HELEN COLCHIN  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

• Scott May was rounded up from North Carolina where he was practicing with the Olympic team —ED

## ON THE TRAIL

Sir

Thank you for *Miffed* and *Aho Mistle* (July 12). We were in Frankfurt, N.Y. to see the start of the Great American Horse Race, but until we read your article we had been unable to get an updated account as to who was leading and to what point the competitors had progressed.

BETTELYNN AITY  
Johnstown, N.Y.

## SITTING PRETTY

Sir

In *SCORECARD* (July 19) you accurately reported on the proposed changes to the Los Angeles Coliseum (adding football seats but removing the track). Please don't count us out. The architect promises that when (if) the 1984 Olympic Games are awarded to Los Angeles, the track can be reinstalled.

JOHN C. ARGUE  
Los Angeles

## TIME TO STRIKE OUT

Sir

I agree with Gene Mauch's comments in *SCORECARD* (July 19): "I've seen more inferring or assuming so far this season than I saw in 16 years as a manager in the National League." The umpiring in the American League is horrendous. TV instant replay makes this plain. When is Lee MacPhail going to make some changes? Last year it was Frank Robinson who took it on the chin for his comments on the subject. How long do we have to wait? Baseball's problems are manifold, and American League umpiring certainly belongs at the top of the list.

GILBERT WOODS  
Pomfret Center, Conn.

## EQUAL TIME

Sir

If the female tennis players insist on equal pay at Wimbledon (*SCORECARD*, July 19), a suggestion regarding the format of next year's

tournament would be to have the men and women play in the same singles tournament. After the third round, when, presumably, all the women have been eliminated, they would probably reconsider their demands.

PATRICK G. BROWN  
Lincoln, Neb.

Sir

Robert W. Creamer, in writing about the possibility that women may not play at Wimbledon next year, quotes two men who believe that male tennis players are better performers than their female counterparts. How about reporting the other side of the issue?

If Wimbledon officials believe that men are "the better gate attraction," the officials should supply statistical proof.

ELAINE UNKLELESS  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir

Actually a very good case can be made to reduce the women's share below the very liberal 80% they receive now. At the latest Wimbledon, the men played a total of 127 matches consisting of 455 sets for an average of 3.58 sets per match. The women played only 95 total matches consisting of 211 sets for an average of 2.22 sets per match.

If the women claim more court time by virtue of a larger draw, the result would be to further dilute an already weak field. In the present situation the men's matches are more closely contested and therefore have greater spectator appeal. Of the men's first-round matches, 44% went into extra sets as compared to only 9% for the women. Of all of the men's matches, 43% went into extra sets as compared to 25% for the women. Thus the caliber of play among the men is uniformly high, from the first round on. The first round in the women's draw was a disaster from a competitive standpoint.

If the women are to deserve prize money even close to that of the men, they are going to have to develop more good players.

ROBERT G. KADESCH  
Winchester, Mass.

## MORE, MORE

Sir

Rather than too much tennis, as William Leggett suggests (*Anyone for Too Much Tennis*, July 12), we tennis enthusiasts feel the programs are too little, or too late, or too much Hollywood. We don't care for the glitter and glamour; we dislike the prattle about which Hollywood stars are sitting where. We want to see tennis matches, shown in their entirety—live. We desire more, not less!

VIOLET C. GALLAGHER  
Lewenburg, Pa.

continued

# "American Chic is the Country Cousin who came to the city, the drop-in guest who stayed for a candlelight dinner."

Photo by [unreadable]



"It has drifted in from gold mines and cattle ranges, from wharves, barracks and boiler rooms. It is fluid, soft, supple, slithery, sexy and unstuffy."

by [unreadable]

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19TH HOLE *continued*

Sir

So 225 hours of tennis on TV this year is too much? I'd love to see the figures on just how much air time each year is spent on football, basketball and that most colossal of bores, baseball. Compared to the amount of coverage TV gives those sports, tennis still has a long way to go.

It's not just the quantity of TV tennis that is inferior, so is the quality of TV's treatment of the game. Maybe this is a reason for any drop in the tennis ratings, a reason that Mr. Leggett completely ignores. I have been infuriated by missing parts of matches because of commercials, or taped replays running into the live action. The camera angle used for most matches is from above the court, which does not always give the best view. And most tennis announcers on TV are so incompetent that it is frightening. The only ones who seem to know the difference between a forehand and a backhand are ex-players, and the inimitable Bud Collins.

Also, two qualifications. 1) I do agree with Leggett that it is a bit strange to see the same players matched against different opponents at the same time on different channels (and this happens rather often). 2) the above criticisms do not apply to Public Broadcasting, which shows almost all matches live and complete and uses Collins as host.

In spite of all my criticisms, I have to admit that I do watch a great deal of tennis on TV. I wish the networks would not cut back their programming—50% is frightening—and improve the quality of what they do show; then I would watch even more.

DIANE CLARK  
Murray Ky

### ROUTE 40 (CONT.)

Sir

Congratulations to Bill Gilbert and your magazine for supplying us with an enjoyable recollection of our heritage, with a delightful story (*A Turn Along the Old Pike*, June 21 et seq.). I do take exception, however, to his parenthetical assertion that Captain Joe Walker took the first emigrants across the Sierras in 1843. Able led by Captain Thomas Fitzpatrick, an emigrant group left Kansas for California in May of 1841. Fitzpatrick departed the California party at Soda Springs, Idaho in order to guide Catholic missionaries to the Flathead Indians of Idaho. The rest of the party pressed on westward with more courage than wisdom and by roughly following the same route as the present-day Interstate 80, *à la* Route 40, entered the Central Valley of California in November 1841.

HENRY W. MARLOW  
Meridian, Miss.

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